

COUNTRY LIFE

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SPEAIGHT.

H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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RATS.

IN our Correspondence Columns to-day will be found a letter in which is described a predicament with which lovers of the country are only too familiar. The writer tells us that he is the tenant of a country house more than two centuries old, the kitchens and basement of which, as well as some of the upstairs rooms, are infested with rats. He has tried every possible remedy as far as he knows, but in vain. The rat-catcher has failed, and it would appear that the rat-poisoner has met with no greater success. We were extremely interested at the reception of this letter because of the attention that has recently been directed to the depredations of these cunning little rodents. Sir James Crichton Browne the other night, speaking at the first annual meeting of the Society for the Extermination of Vermin, estimated the damage done in England by rats to amount to more than £15,000,000 a year—almost sufficient to maintain a navy. He based his calculations on the estimate that there is one rat to every acre in England and Wales, and that he does injury to the extent of a farthing a day. Sir James gave many striking individual instances of the damage accomplished by rats, and, therefore, the question raised by our correspondent as to the best means of getting rid of them is indeed very serious. In order to help him as far as possible we have put the case before a variety of experts, including one who is probably the first authority in his time on questions of hygiene. The result is not altogether satisfactory because the rat problem is always a local one, and the answer to it can only be found after the geography has been explored. Our hygienic authority—who is too modest to allow his name to be published—analyses the situation in a characteristic manner. He suggests that the house has probably some old brick drains under or immediately adjacent to it, which either harbour or give access to the rats. It would be well, therefore, he thinks, first of all to find out from where the rats are coming. If from

an old drain, it should be followed throughout its full length and either demolished or blocked up.

He does not support the idea that a mongoose would do any good, and our own experience of this animal bears him out. We kept one for the purpose of destroying rats in some outbuildings, but it effected an entrance into the chicken-house, where it slew, for slaughter's sake, till not a bird was left alive. One advantage in keeping a mongoose is that the rats do not like its scent, and will often disappear of their own accord when one is introduced. This, of course, is true of a great many contrivances used to scare rats. Often we have found that when a trap has been used successfully for a short time, the whole of the rats will disappear. Again, if a raid be made upon them with terriers or ferrets, every sign of them will vanish, but then the absence is only temporary. After a few weeks have elapsed they are soon as numerous as ever, and the whole process has to be gone over again. Thus neither the mongoose nor the dog or cat is efficacious in itself. Can the rats be got rid of by means of such preparations as Ratin or the Danysz Virus? This, of course, is a very wide and important question. Our correspondent, "C," has tried these remedies and pronounces that they are a failure. We applied in each case to the vendors in order to find out if they could suggest anything to be done. The Manager of the Ratin Laboratory is of opinion that where the building is so old it is difficult to deal with the rats. They have no doubt burrowed and undermined for years, and probably the walls are hollow and permit the rats to run freely, while at the same time they afford excellent shelter for the nesting places. He claims for Ratin that with it you can exterminate the rats from the house; but the question is to what extent they would be likely to re-invade their old quarters? Here, of course, we find the great difficulty that besets those who are trying to exterminate the rat. It is of little use for the owner of a house or a piece of land to kill the rats down by any means whatever unless at the same time his neighbours are co-operating with him. The experience of rats to which we have already made reference is a common enough one. Not far from a certain house and buildings which we frequently cleansed from their presence was the abode of a person who kept pigs, and who was extremely careless in his method of doing so. The rats were never absent from his premises, and careful examination showed that although three fields intervened they had their runs from the one place to the other. To make assurance doubly sure, they were actually trapped in these runs, mid-way between the house and the establishment where pigs were kept.

The method of trapping was the well-known one: Drain pipes were laid down through which they got into the habit of running, and eventually they were trapped at the outlet. The conclusion is a safe one, that if our correspondent's neighbours are not taking such pains to get rid of rats as he is himself, or if he neglects the fields and woodlands, and perhaps the outhouses, his attempt to clear the house itself will be labour in vain. This is the gist of the advice that we received from the Managing Director of the Danysz Virus Company. His explanation contains the suggestive remark that, "if your correspondent on a previous occasion has used Danysz Virus without obtaining such a result we can only suggest that the quantity he has applied was not sufficient for the extent of the area and degree of infestation, or that the rats of the establishment were immune for the time being owing to the fact that other preparations had previously been used in insufficient quantities, or that such preparations were not fully active." That rats can be made immune by a process singularly like inoculation is a notable fact. The hygienic authority to whom we referred in the first part of this article says that the Danysz Virus is often ineffectual unless recently exalted in strength in a laboratory. Such exalted Virus might probably be obtained direct from the Pasteur Institute at Paris, but he concludes with the remark that "these measures are all secondary to ascertaining how the rats reach the house." Within it, beyond doubt, they can be dealt with effectually, but to make their extirpation effectual, it is highly necessary that a raid be directed against their recruiting ground.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen of Spain with her son, H.R.H. the Prince of Asturias, the Heir-apparent to the Spanish Crown. Her Majesty is the daughter of H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, and her marriage to His Majesty the King of Spain was celebrated in 1906.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES.

THERE is no cause for dissatisfaction with the debate that took place on the Vote of Censure moved by Mr. Arthur Lee on Monday night. It was maintained at a very high level throughout, and showed that politicians of all shades of thought are prepared now, as their forefathers always were, to make the safety of the country a paramount consideration. If the speech of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs had been made before, it is probable that Mr. Balfour would not have thought it incumbent on him to countenance the Vote of Censure. Sir Edward Grey made a calm and statesmanlike survey of our foreign relations and of the requirements of the Navy that exaggerated nothing, and yet attenuated nothing. The passage in his speech which was received most favourably was that in which he declared that the position of Great Britain ought to be so strong that the building of an extra Dreadnought by a foreign Power would not create the scare and alarm to which we have been witnesses within the last fortnight. It is wise to err on the safe side, and in this case there can be no doubt whatever that the safe side is to over-build rather than to run any risks. This sentiment was applauded in the House of Commons in the resolute manner with which the assembly responds when it is felt that a speaker has found words for a strong and universal sentiment.

The attitude of the Colonies is as energetic and determined as that of the Mother Country. Last week we noted here that New Zealand had been the first to offer a Dreadnought for the defence of the Empire. That example has now been followed by New South Wales and Victoria. The announcement has been very briefly cabled, so that particulars are not forthcoming, but the fact in itself is of sufficient importance. The other Colonies have been stimulated by the patriotism that has made itself felt throughout the Empire. The Dominion House of Commons after a prolonged debate came unanimously to the conclusion that as the people of Canada increase in number and wealth it becomes their duty to assume a larger measure of the responsibilities of national defence. They do not think that contributions to the Imperial treasury for naval and military purposes would be a satisfactory solution, but they will cordially approve any necessary expenditure designed to establish a Canadian naval service to co-operate with the Imperial Navy. The resolution that was passed placed it on record that the Dominion House of Commons holds the naval supremacy of Great Britain to be essential to the security of the commerce and safety of the Empire and the peace of the world. The value of these occurrences is that they afford practical testimony of the unlimited resources of the British Empire which would be available in the face of any serious threat.

To a great many people in this country, the suggestion of Sir Duncan Mackenzie, the Commandant-General of the Natal Colonial Forces, that miniature-rifle-shooting should be made a branch of instruction in the girls' schools of the Colony, will appear rather a shocking one. A moment's reflection, however, must show how valuable the knowledge of how to handle a rifle might be to women of many classes in the conditions of colonial life. A woman left by herself, far from the help of any male protection, in a house on the veldt would feel a great deal safer for the possession of such knowledge. It is not only her actual ability to use the weapon in case of attack which is a factor in her additional security; the probability that its use would have been taught her while at school would make any lawless foe, whether white, yellow, or black, hesitate much longer before

attempting such attack than if the greater probability were that she would be defenceless from her ignorance of firearms. There are many points which might be argued in favour of Sir Duncan's suggestion, but this is perhaps the most obviously valid.

While Parliament is preparing to deal with the question of town planning in the future, the best example of town planning in the past is endangered. Wood of Bath was the first eighteenth century architect who had both the wish and the chance to give a homogeneous architectural character to whole sections of a city. He seized his opportunity and gave us the Bath of Beau Nash. But he did more. He gave the city pride in itself and a desire to continue in his path, and "for the dignity of the city" the first stone of Bath Street was laid in 1791. The completed work is more than a mere street of houses of one architectural design. It is a marked feature of that portion of Bath in which it lies. At its extremities the street spreads out segmentally to give adequate presence to the Cross Bath at the west end and the grand Pump building at the east end. Sides and segments alike have a piazza along their length of which the Ionic columns support an upper part of some distinction. There is an excellence and a completeness about this well-considered composition very rare in our English towns. Is it on that account that it is doomed?

Unless public opinion, acting through the newly-formed "Old Bath Preservation Society," makes itself felt strongly and at once, the Bath Street of 1791, the product of informed minds and civilised society, will disappear, and barbaric formlessness will take its place. One side, including the segmented ends, is to be thrown down in order that a mammoth hotel may rear up a sky-scraping side some way behind it. As an example of destructive cleverness, it will be an achievement of which this mechanical age will, no doubt, be proud. It will be the destruction not only of one side of a street, but of the whole of a balanced composition, of an engaging vista, of a successfully-planned area, of an architectural creation of intrinsic merit and historic interest. It needs no invading Vandals to sack our Rome. They are among the few articles unthreatened by foreign competition and needing no protecting tariff.

LADY DAY, 1909.

Where did Gabriel get a lily,
In the month of March,
When the green
Is hardly seen
On the early larch?
Though I know
Just where they grow,
I have pulled no daffodilly.
Where did Gabriel get a lily
In the month of March?
Could I bring
The tardy spring,—
Under Her foot's arch,
Near and far,
The primrose star
Should bloom with violets, willy-nilly.
Where did Gabriel get a lily
In the month of March? J.

Solicitude for the memorials of the past is one of the finest characteristics of the time in which we live, but while it leads to the preservation of historical buildings and ancient monuments, of antique jewellery and furniture, the most precious of all the possessions handed down from the past is apt to be overlooked. We refer, needless to say, to the language formed and spoken by our forefathers. In Scotland it has long been felt that the "guid braid Scots' tongue" as it was used by Dunbar and Bling Harry and Gavin Douglas, the nameless ballad-makers who followed, and the bards like Allan Ramsay, Ferguson and Burns who succeeded them, is fading away from usage and memory. In some of the great cities like Glasgow, there is an affectation of speaking fine English, and elsewhere the elementary schoolmaster is playing havoc with the native idiom. While it is yet time, there has been formed a very strong association of the leading professors of literature in Edinburgh, St. Andrews, Glasgow and Aberdeen, the Chief Inspector of Schools and the Training College authorities, for the purpose of collecting the old words before they have entirely disappeared. It is hoped to secure co-operation in every district of Scotland, and an attempt is to be made to obtain words that are still in actual use and not included in those treasure-houses of dialect, Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary and Dr. Wright's Dialect Dictionary.

The undertaking is one deserving of the fullest support. The Scottish language is composed of many elements, the analysis of which has a bearing on the history of the

country. The influence of Scandinavia is seen in the North, in the Highlands you have the Gael, and many of the words that puzzle the half-educated reader in the Lowlands of Scotland are of pure Saxon origin and may often be found in Chaucer, while, of course, the connection with France has also left its legacy to the nation. Even Scotchmen themselves are now forgetting what was meant by words that were in everyday use by their forefathers. "Flychting" has scarcely been kept alive by the famous flychting between Durbar and Kennedy. Who ever talks of soring? The school children do not know what it is to "get their kail through the reek." And this despite the popularity of the writing of the Kail-yard School and the dialect so freely used in Mr. Barrie's plays.

At the celebration of the Fitzgerald Centenary Mr. Augustine Birrell, in a manner that combined humour and commonsense, drew attention to a characteristic of English writers as compared with the French. It is that, as a rule, they are rather inclined to make light of their writing and esteem their other occupations higher. The well-known story of Congreve and Voltaire illustrates the point exactly. Sir Walter Scott was rather ashamed of himself as a novel writer, but was proud of being the Laird of Abbotsford. French literary men are accustomed to take themselves much more seriously, and we are afraid that the fashion in recent years has been passing to this country. We all of us in these days of universal scribbling have some acquaintance with the third-rate dramatist, the budding novelist or the minor poet, who has the phrase "my work" continually on his lips, and for the purpose of writing retires to an inmost room, to disturb him in which is regarded as a crime. Such conduct may well bring forth an amused smile on the part of those who know that the most charming essays of the nineteenth century used to be scribbled very often on the backs of letters in the smoking-room of a small club while literary discussions were going on all round.

The arrival of Palm Sunday seems to call attention in an especially emphatic way to the extreme lateness of the season. Of course, the tree which the country-folk call "palm" has no relationship to the semi-tropical one which gives its name to this Sunday; but the association lies in the fact that in a normal year the English "palm" is at the height of its feathery beauty just about the date of this Palm Sunday. This year it is only in rarely sheltered places that the feathery tussocks have expanded, though in some seasons their beauty is spent before Palm Sunday comes. Something depends, to be sure, on the calendar; but it is only too obvious that we are remarkably backward this year, and obvious not only from the absence of that which we expect to see, such as the "palm," but also from the late endurance of many things which are usually long past, such as snowdrops and crocuses and the russet leaves still firmly attached to the beeches in the hedgerows.

Those who did not know the late Mrs. R. A. M. Stevenson will probably have been surprised at the very glowing eulogy pronounced by Mr. D. S. MacColl, keeper of the Tate Gallery, at the cremation of her body; but those who did have the pleasure of her acquaintance will readily admit that Mr. MacColl erred rather on the side of saying too little than too much. Mrs. Stevenson might have very well been included in the ranks of those indicated by the phrase "They also serve who only stand and wait." She had as clear an intelligence, as wide-reaching sympathies as any man or woman of the brilliant group that used to gather round her and her husband fifteen or twenty years ago. She was a help and an inspiration to all with whom she came in contact, and more than an ideal wife to him whose loveliness finds its best expression in the affectionate term "Bob," by which he was universally known. It is comparatively easy to appraise the work of those who are in the public eye, but the service rendered by self-effacing women like Mrs. Stevenson often goes unnoticed, with no reward save that which comes from the knowledge that it has helped others to fame.

English chess players are to be congratulated on a handsome win in the chess match played by cable with America at the end of last week. The full score is not available, as one game is being sent to Vienna for adjudication; but whatever the verdict on it be, the match is won by England. On the opening day no such result appeared to be possible, as two of the best in the English team, Mr. Ward and Mr. Wainwright, lost very early. Mr. Lawrence, who for so long was champion, had to submit to a draw, and eventually even the veteran, Mr. Blackburne, had to lower his flag to that young and able player, Mr. F. J. Marshall. In spite of all these disasters, however, the British team scored so freely on the lower boards that when the match ended, and two unfinished games were both demonstrably wins, it was plain on which side victory lay. This is the eleventh contest for the silver trophy given by Sir George Newnes. America has won six of the previous matches, Great Britain

three, and one was drawn. Either country must win three times in succession before obtaining absolute possession of the trophy.

A great problem of country house life at the moment is that of the vegetable supply. Of course, it is all right with the potatoes—they are stored—but all fresh vegetables are quite abnormally scarce, and consequently, if they are to be bought, abnormally dear. In small country places it is not at all easy to buy them, and the local greengrocers themselves are full of complaints. On the one hand, they say, they dare not be without the vegetables for fear of losing their customers, and, on the other hand, have to pay so much for them that they dare not put on a fair profit for themselves in the retailing—again for fear of alarming their clients. The reason of it all is to be found in the conditions of the past winter, its severity and length, and partly in the mildness of its earlier period, which encouraged premature growth that was nipped back later.

ON QUARLEY DOWN.

On Quarley Down, on Quarley Down
The trees grow straight, the trees grow tall,
And there the Romans set their camp
And girdled it with moat and wall.
On Quarley Down, on Quarley Down
A man may see three counties lie,
But never an Eagle standard flap
Nor a Roman foot pass by.
On Quarley Down, on Quarley Down
A man may hear the wind and trees,
But never a word of the Roman tongue
Nor a snatch of their martial melodies.
On Quarley Down, on Quarley Down
An ancient bed I lay upon,
For I lay sleeping in the moat,
Dry nigh two thousand years ago.
On Quarley Down, on Quarley Down
The trees grow straight, the trees grow tall,
And God send peace to those dead men
Whose ditch is their memorial!

ANNA BUNSTON.

Now that roller-skating has left us, Society is turning with all its usual zest to a new craze, which possesses many of those characteristics that have marked its predecessors. Like many other amusements of the grown-up it is an adaptation from the nursery, only it is very much elaborated. Instead of a small box of bricks you get from your toy-maker—who has probably imported them from America when the craze originated—a vast number of pieces of wood, which with the eye of faith you can easily believe capable of being arranged into a picture or the semblance of a game. But there is a vast difference between seeing with the eye of faith and actually realising the intent of the ingenious person who invented the game. The new puzzles are calculated to exercise and develop to an abnormal extent the gift of patience.

One of the Canadian daily papers recently had an article setting forth the vast possibilities of fruit-growing in British Columbia. "It has come to be," the writer says, "one of the most important sources of wealth in this Western province." The reason lies in a greatly increased consumption of fruit throughout the world, and particularly in the United Kingdom, which, our Colonial contemporary says, is able to take an unlimited amount. There is also a growing sale on the Continent of Europe, and even from the East comes a demand for fruit. When we remember that the Canadian Government was the first to realise the potentialities of this industry, we are led to the conclusion that the State, when it is wisely guided, can do a great deal towards helping the intelligent cultivation of the land.

Sir Edward Henry's order for the reform of the motor-omnibus will meet with general approval. When carried into effect the result will be to lessen the size of these vehicles and reduce their carrying capacity to twenty-six passengers. But those who are obliged to use the streets of London as pedestrians will certainly not object to such a change. The huge motor-driven omnibuses that hold the field at the present moment are an impediment to traffic and a terror to the nervous and timid. A great lumbering carriage, weighing several tons and driven at a much greater speed than that of the ordinary hansom, when multiplied indefinitely tends to make of the street a kind of *Inferno*. Its noise and movement and general appearance are frightful.

The account of the race to Biarritz with the first plover's egg for the King suggests the recollection that at one time the Bass Rock was held on a tenure which included sending twelve gannets' eggs annually to the Crown. It would be interesting to

know what happened to the eggs. Of course, it is quite evident that gastronomic taste has undergone a considerable change since what may be called the Middle Ages. It is a conveniently indefinite term. At that period the gannet itself was considered a delicacy on table. To our modern taste, which is, perhaps, less robust, the gannet appears too strong and fishy in its flavour. Its eggs have something of the same quality. They are much like the eggs of the guillemot in taste—excellent when other food is scarce, no doubt, but not nearly as palatable as the egg of the humble domestic fowl. On the other hand, the appreciation of the eggs of the green plover has greatly increased of late years. Fifty years ago in Lancashire they were picked up and eaten by the farm children; there was practically no market for them. Now the higgler is keen to buy them. But the greater ease of transport no doubt counts for something in the change of view.

The heaviest pike of the last twelve months was caught on the Stour below Wimborne on March 20th. When weighed in London on the 24th it scaled 38lb., so there are strong grounds for believing it may have weighed 39lb. or 39½lb. by the water-

side. Further evidence is awaited both as to the method of its capture and the weighing, the same day, on trustworthy scales. If caught on rod and line it beats Mr. Jardine's 37lb. Shardeloes fish, which for years has held its position at the top of the list of big pike. If caught in any other way, it is, of course, merely a big pike, which the Loch Ken one dwarfs into insignificance with its 70 odd pounds. Fishermen, whether rightly or wrongly, have a reputation for pulling the longbow, but of late years much care has been taken in verifying weights, with the result that many have shrunk woefully in the process; but the 72lb. Loch Ken pike, the head of which can be still seen at Kenmure Castle, is generally accepted as authentic, as well as a 44lb. fish shot in Ireland on either Lough Conn or Lough Cullen. When Lord Montagu of Beaulieu cleared out Sowley pond it was curious to notice that only some five pike in all that big area of water exceeded 20lb., a fact which rendered the odds against a fisherman getting hold of one exceedingly heavy. And if the same proportion of heavy fish to acreage exists in other waters it explains clearly enough the rarity of the capture of fish over 30lb.

THE BURSTING OF THE LEAF.

IF ever it were so, it is so this year that "Spring lags slowly up these heights," but those who are experienced in country lore aver that the long delay will be followed by a sudden outburst of leaf. During February and March, "the Mother of months on meadow and plain," the forces of Spring have been held back by the iron hand of Winter. Frost and snow and cold rains have hindered growth to an unparalleled extent. Seldom can anyone now living have witnessed a season in which the country showed less appearance of spring on April 1st. The grass has not yet made the slightest attempt to put forth new green on the meadows. The winter crops have been arrested in their growth. The hedgerows, on which at this time of the year there are usually myriads of little grey specks that tell of the forming bud, are still as black as they were in

mid-winter, and in the woodlands the soft and melting browns of spring have not yet modified in any way the gloomy shade which has been upon them since the fall of the leaf. There is an avenue of limes close to the place where this is written, and for some time past the rooks have been busy mending their ancient nests and building new; but the trees show no signs yet of the advancing spring. The poet would have still to look in vain for the million emeralds that are supposed to break from the ruby-budded lime. Even the nut trees in the garden show as yet no leaf, although like little fluttering pennons there hang from them untold myriads of those tassels that come late in the year and await the arrival of the little female flower. But not even the most rigorous weather can prevent the sap from rising at this season, and on looking more closely and carefully, it will be found that where the leaves are to come later there are green little



"A WILLOW GROWS ASLANT A BROOK."



R. L. Cooks.

NO SIGN OF LEAF OR BUD.

Copyright.

swellings and burgeonings which at the first wooing of the warm wind and sun will expand into the first graceful foliage of the year. Curiously enough, we had a similar experience last season. After a very mild opening of the year there came weeks of snow and blizzard, accompanied by a cold and cutting wind which effectually drove back the vegetation that had shot forth too prematurely. The snows of Easter passed

away, however, and it seemed as though we had jumped from winter into summer at once without the intervention of spring. The change is one very familiar to those who live on great continents. In Canada and the United States, for example, spring does not advance with slow and hesitating steps as with us. In Siberia the change is extraordinarily sudden, and the reason is not far to seek. Winds that travel over vast areas of land are dry and cold in winter, and bring with them degrees of frost and quantities of snow of which we have no experience. In this country, surrounded as it is by the sea, the cold is not so keen, but it is much more uncomfortable owing to the dampness of the atmosphere, which to some degree penetrates every known sort of clothes. And this damp cold gives place reluctantly to the more genial breath of April and May, so that as a rule the flowers and vegetation advance in a long and lingering procession, instead of bursting out altogether as they do in climates more independent of the sea. Nothing more vividly illustrates the dreariness of the first spring days than a walk by the sluggish stream characteristic of the English eastern shire. The banks that last year were fringed with rows of sedge and rush are now bare; even the withered stalks have, in the majority of cases, been swept away by the wild rushing floods, of which we have had so many during the last winter. The great pollard willow, like the famous tree in Hamlet, "grows aslant a brook" and



A. M. Dumas.

EARLY APRIL.

Copyright.



THE LAST OF THE DEAD LEAVES.

holds up bare twigs, on which only very few catkins and as yet not a single leaf has appeared. It is like a huge giant broken in his pride, and yet stubbornly holding his ground. When the graceful long leaves come out and twinkle in the sunlight that impression will be effaced. Meantime the full river, growing clear after its many floods, rushes swift and cold. On the turnip-field beside it the sheep are rapidly finishing the last turnips of the year. A complaint is made by the farmer that the winter has been the hardest on stock that he ever remembers. They have had to be provided with keep so long that the supplies are completely exhausted, and the bill for cake is mounting up in a manner that alarms the timid. That is why so many sheep have been sent to market during the early months of the year, with the result that they have fallen very considerably in price. On one farm alone that we know there was a net loss of £400 on sheep alone. The drop was exactly £1 apiece. It has been a bad year for other stock as well. Animals thrive in the open and sunlight as much as men do, and when they are confined for long periods in the stable calamities are certain to occur. Very serious losses have taken place both among cattle and horses during the winter. In fact, we have never known so many animals suffering at the same time from catarrh and other forms of cold, an effect that perhaps has been due in some measure to the curious changes of atmosphere, as it has happened often that a few hours of closeness and heat have been followed by a return of weather that was simply Arctic, and even the constitution of an ox is not proof

against changes so very violent as these. Also there has been a postponement of the usual seedtime of the year. For long the fields were so frost-bound that the usual early ploughing could not be proceeded with; then they were covered with snow which melted slowly and was followed by a downfall of rain that turned the soil into a species of thick mud, in which sowing was impossible. Thus there are many arrears of work to be cleared off should April bring with it that proportion of sunny hours with which its name is popularly associated. Fortunately, however, we are not all farmers, and to those who are only lovers of the country April has ever been the month that uttered the most arresting call to the fields. This was the season when the old-fashioned beggar—not the modern professional tramp who is with us evermore—seized his staff and went forth to seek his own peculiar livelihood in his own peculiar way, feeling that the time was come when, if no hospitable barn opened its doors, he could, nevertheless, make shift to stay out all night without perishing of cold. Maid Marion, in the olden days, began her dancing on All Fools' Day, the very name of which suggests something of the merriment associated with "the merry springtime, the only pretty ringtime." It is the time when, as "The Ingoldsby Legends" have it, "the dicky-birds carol on leaflet and spray," when the lambs are sporting in the meadows and when the calves and other young things may be seen frolicking in the new spring grass. April brings the nightingale and the cuckoo, and when these are here we know that of a surety winter is over and gone.

THE BURIED BRIDGE AND MOAT AT HAMPTON COURT.

THE authorities of His Majesty's Office of Works are to be congratulated on their enterprise in having availed themselves of the information given them about Henry VIII's buried bridge and moat in front of the entrance gate of Hampton Court Palace, and on their having proceeded to open the ground to reveal this interesting specimen of Tudor domestic work. The story of how the bridge

moat has been secured by the delay. What has been found by the workmen seems fully to confirm the anticipations formed by those who have urged the undertaking of the explorations. Henry VIII's bridge, a fine stone structure, 50ft. long and 20ft. broad, composed of four arches, their soffits supported by ten moulded ribs, and their piers strongly buttressed and resting on the bottom of the moat, stands forth again to-day revealed



The Arrival of Charles II and Catherine of Braganza at Hampton Court.

May 29th 1662.

Engraving from a contemporary Etching by Dirk Stoop

and moat came to be discovered, and what has so far been exposed, has been already so fully set out by Mr. Ernest Law in two articles in *The Times* of March 26th and 29th, that the briefest recital of the facts will suffice here. It was as long ago as 1872, we believe, when a new system of drainage was being carried out, that in the course of laying one of the pipes an old Tudor arch was struck upon a few feet below the surface, about 8yds. from the gateway leading into the first courtyard of the Palace. It was supposed at the time that this was the remains of an underground secret chamber. No explorations, however, were made, and everything was at once closed up again. Subsequently, researches among old documents and plans convinced those interested in the history of the palace that what had been struck upon was undoubtedly the "arched bridge over the moat," frequently mentioned in the old historical records, which was built at this spot by Henry VIII. in 1535. This conclusion was arrived at some twenty-five years ago; but though suggestions have from time to time been made in favour of investigating the hidden work, for one reason or another, nothing was ever done until a few weeks ago. "Better late than never" we may perhaps say, especially if a more thorough and artistic restoration of the bridge and

complete and almost intact, after upwards of 200 years of burial beneath the surface.

Our illustration, from careful drawings made on the spot, will convey a better idea of the appearance of this hitherto unknown example of Tudor architecture than any words of description. The stone with which the bridge was built has been proved to have come from Headington Quarries, situated about a mile from Oxford. Indeed, this particular stone was specially ordered for this work, although all the other masonry executed for Henry VIII. was constructed with Reigate and other stone. The parapet of the bridge is gone, but fragments—perhaps all of it—doubtless lie among the rubbish with which the moat was filled up. One of the pinnacles that stood on the tops of the piers has already been recovered; and every succeeding day's excavation should yield further portions of these ornaments. The parapet ended, on the palace side, against the buttress-turrets that flank the entrance gate; on the outer side it ended on the wall of the moat.

The moat itself proves, as anticipated, to be about 50ft. wide; and that its waters washed the walls of the palace—both the central part of the west front and the two wings, so far as they are within the moat wall—is clearly demonstrated by the

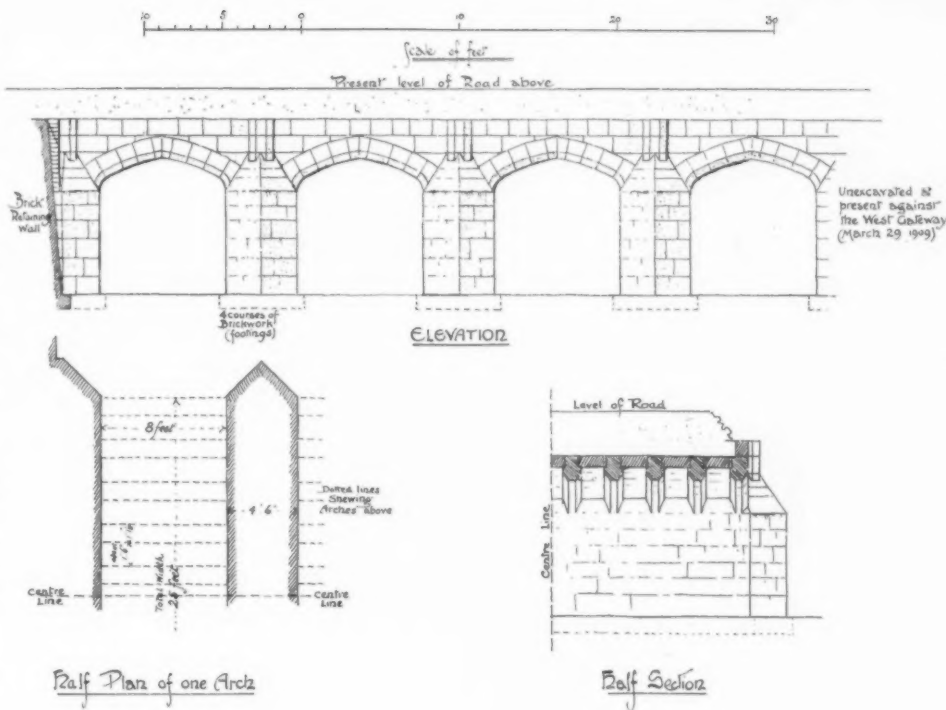
shelving or sloping construction of their foundations. The whole extent of the moat wall, which is built of thin red brick, and which has now been traced right up against the two wings of the building, was surmounted by a battlement of stone, ornamented with pinnacles, capped with heraldic beasts bearing vanes. Extending as it does right across the front of the building, it will encroach somewhat, when restored, on the circular gravelled space lying between the two wings of the west front. This, however, will be anything but a disadvantage, either in convenience or appearance. At present this large, bare, unrelieved space detracts from the aspect of the approach; it is too modern, too commonplace, too banal to be worthy of the charming buildings that encompass it.

According to Mr. Law's article in *The Times*, the etching by Dirk Stoop, which shows the arrival of Charles II. with Catherine of Braganza at Hampton Court, on May 29th, 1662, and which

we have here reproduced, is one of the principal authorities for the appearance of this western front of the palace in olden days. It will be noticed that the Great Gate House is seen in its original proportions, a storey or two loftier than now, with its turrets surmounted with cupolas and vanes. In front of it is seen the wall of the moat, with its pinnacles; and a similar wall seems to have enclosed the two wings as well. The view of the parapet of the bridge is hidden by those passing over it. The high foreground on the right is, of course, entirely imaginative; but we may take the caval-

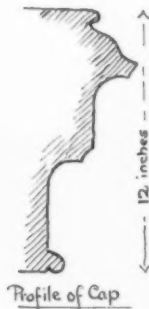
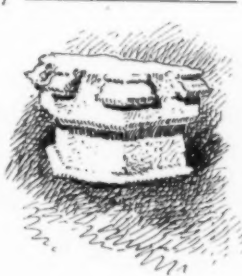
cade, the pikemen, the coaches and the horsemen as faithful representations of the scene. It is, indeed, an engraving of great historic interest.

Stoop was a Dutchman, who went out from London to Lisbon in the vessel that was to fetch the Infanta to England; and he was present at her embarkation and accompanied her on the voyage to England, for the express purpose



Measured & drawn by E. B. Lamb

Rewel Cap to balustrading (found in the Moat)



E. B. Lamb. del.
Sketched on the spot.
March 29, 1909.



Two of the Arches.

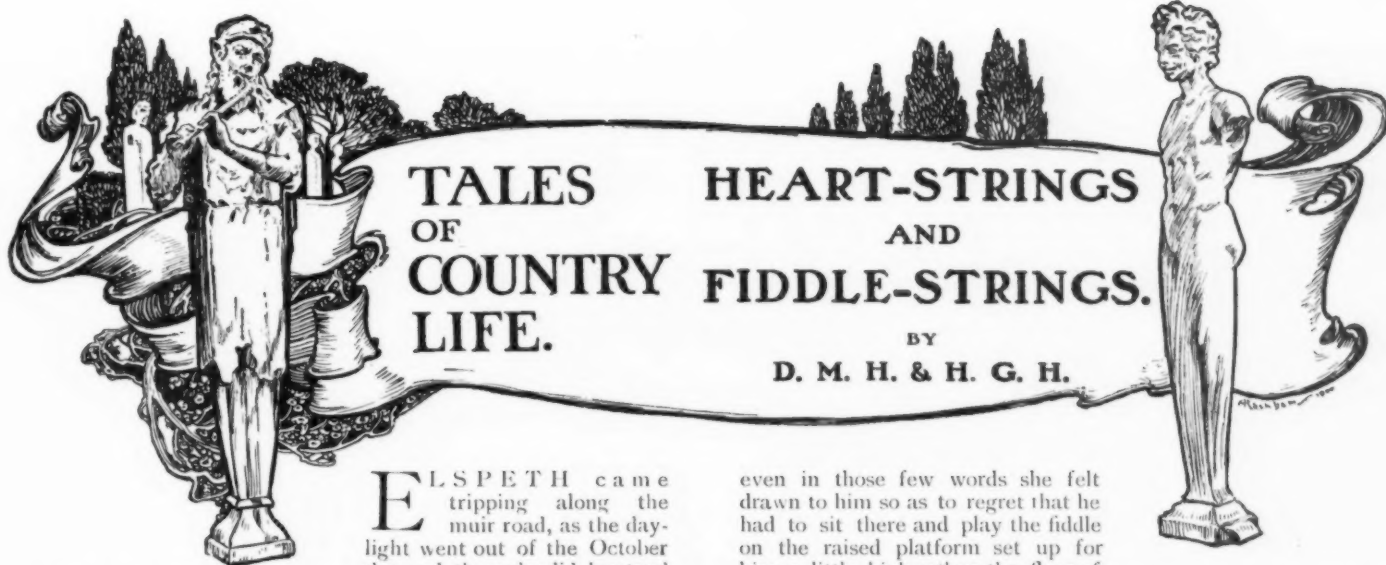


General View from Road

of etching a set of seven plates, of which this is one, illustrative of her progress from Lisbon to Hampton Court and London. She was married to King Charles the day after her introduction to him at Portsmouth, whence, after staying there two or three days, they came to Hampton Court to spend their honeymoon. Here, after stopping a night at Windsor Castle, they arrived and passed over the bridge that has been just discovered, on May 29th, 1662, Charles II.'s birthday, and the second anniversary of his entry into London after the Restoration.

*W. G. Meredith.**SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.*

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

HEART-STRINGS AND FIDDLE-STRINGS.

BY
D. M. H. & H. G. H.

ELSPETH came tripping along the muir road, as the daylight went out of the October sky and the splendid hunters'

moon rose to lighten the night. She might truly be said to trip, though her feet were shod in the heavy shoes, good to keep out the water, made by the cobbler in Duns. But though she wore these on her feet, in her hand she carried a pair that were light and dainty, and it was to the tune that these set in her mind rather than the drag of the thick soles that her feet kept measure along the cart-track, rough with big stones and deep ruts. For was she not on her way to the gillies' dance at the big house, and was not all her mind set on her steps as she went along? The house of her father, the under-keeper, was furthest of all up the glen, and he could not accompany her down, for he had work below and would meet her at the great house in time for the grand supper which went before the dance. That is the fashion of the country—there is no dancing for a hungry man. So she went the first mile or so by herself; but a short way down, at the Byres Farm, she would pick up a maid of her own age and they would go on to the great house together.

Elspeth was a tiny creature, dark, vivacious and keen-eyed. She was almost out of her teens, and grown as tall as Nature intended, but that was no more than just five feet, and no inches at all. And as for her dancing and tripping, it hardly needed the fine shoes in her hand to set her feet to that, for it was the way they always went—too trippingly, her father sometimes told her, for the grave occasions of life. And she had no one else to tell her, if it was so, for her mother had died years ago, when she was quite a child, and she was the only one.

You may say that the great house was a centre and focus this night whither steps were bending—tripping for the most part, like Elspeth's—over many very similar muir roads leading away into other glens which a stranger's eye might see to be almost identical with that in which Elspeth lived. Yet the very idea of a likeness between them would seem absurd and unthinkable to a native.

Down one of these glens, the next southward to Elspeth's, went a man whose feet did not move at all in the tripping way. He was very tall, and walked with immense steps, loungingly, as if sauntering with all the night in which to get to his goal. It was only by seeing the steps of the girl beside him, quick, hurried, almost going at a run, that you would guess the pace at which his long lounges bore him over the ground. Yet, though his own feet were not set to the tripping measure, he had that beneath his arm which was soon to set the tripping measure for the rest, and there was none in all the glens of the Lammernmuirs who could touch the fiddle like him, David Allardyce, drawing the bow across its strings to win out music which might make men and women dance or weep as he chose to tune the note. He was shepherd and son of a shepherd, helping his father mind the sheep which grazed on long miles of the moorland. The maid whose little steps went so quickly, to keep pace with his, was his sister, and they too, like all the world, were on their way to the dance at the great house. Whoever else were late, he must not be, for there could be no dancing till he with his fiddle set the tune.

In all the future years of her life, and they were many, that dance marked the night of nights for Elspeth. It was a life destined to hold many days fit to be noted with the red letter, but of all its incidents that was the one which stood out most clearly even to the end. She knew most of the dancers, for school brought the young people of the glen together in early days and many of them met each Sunday of their lives at the kirk. She had no lack of partners, and was a famous dancer. It was none of the dancers, however, whose attentions gave Elspeth cause to look back on that night as the best of all her life. David Allardyce said a few words to her before the ball began, and

even in those few words she felt drawn to him so as to regret that he had to sit there and play the fiddle on the raised platform set up for him a little higher than the floor of the big barn, and could not come down and put his arm about her waist and lead her out for a dance. David, however, was no dancer, even if his services could be spared from the music; yet he, too, as it seemed, may have shared some of her regret that he might not crook his arm about her waist as others were privileged to do. Some hours later, as they went up the glen together, David, Elspeth and her father—after dropping Elspeth's friend at the Byres Farm—he even confessed as much in his shy way.

All the evening, as it seemed to Elspeth, his eyes had been on her whenever, and the occasions were many, she had glanced up to where he sat, bowed over his fiddle, on the platform. He spoke to her once or twice in the pauses between the dances, trifling words, asking whether she enjoyed herself. He accused himself of playing badly, perhaps for the pleasure of seeing her flush as she contradicted him; but possibly he did not mark the time quite as precisely as usual, with his thoughts wandering round the room after one small vivacious figure in perpetual motion. It was only when the ball was over and he asked, very humbly, if he might walk home with Elspeth and her father, that she admitted to herself that she knew what the frequent meeting of their eyes had meant.

"But it's no yer ain road, David," she had objected, calling him by the Christian name that she had used since she was a child and he a boy.

As soon as she had said it she repented, fearing he might take it as a hint that she would prefer the walk without his company; but he relieved her mind very quickly by saying, "Hoots Elspeth, it's no but a five mile or so across the hill—an' me no' a dancer. I've been sittin' a' night."

I will not be saying that in the wooing that followed the greater part was not done by Elspeth herself. Perhaps it is never easy to apportion the share of each in this kind of business. David was one of the silent kind, and Elspeth's words, when they met, were as fifty to his one. Sometimes, when the lambs were not needing his attention, he would come over for a whole evening to the house where Elspeth and her father lived, and sit and play his fiddle by the hour—the old Scottish melodies, very plaintive, or others, of his own devising and weaving, as his bow went untiringly over the strings—hardly saying a word to Elspeth the while. Then, though she loved his playing, deemed it something better of its kind than any man had ever done in the world before, and admired him most of all because he, so gifted above the other men, had shown such wisdom as to single her out above other women, still she would feel a touch of jealousy, would chide him, mostly in play but a little in earnest too, for loving the fiddle as he did, "better than he loved her," as she told him, to tease him. There was something in the way that he held the fiddle, closely, lovingly, with its end nestled in under his chin, while the bow went over it with such a caressing touch, that seemed to mark it out as a living rival, a thing for which he had real affection, capable of responding to his wooing with sounds of vivid passion. Once, when he had been wrapt for a whole hour in his playing, without a word to her, Elspeth, with a flash of very real anger, had snatched the fiddle hastily and forcibly away from him. The moment after she was ashamed and penitent, rebuked by his gentle and astonished apology, "D'ye no' ken, Elspeth, it's just my love for yersel' I'm makin' the puir bit timmer thing tell about?" and flung herself, in tears, on his neck, begging to be forgiven.

David did not quite understand the pain of her regret and her tears, any more than he understood the previous feeling which had made her act so hastily; but he gathered her up to him in his great strong arms, just as if she had been a lamb that he had found caught in a snowdrift, and kissed away the

tears till the smiles came back again; and for the rest of that evening the fiddle was not taken up.

However the wooing were done, it was of that happy kind that is not long a-doing. In the spring of the year next after the ball at which their eyes had met so often they were married in the little kirk of the moorland village—and this is a quick courtship for that country. The laird, at the great house, had a sister married to an Englishman who owned a property on the Welsh and Shropshire border. The property was a large one, but much of it consisted of mountain ground good for little but the pasture of sheep. The owner conceived the idea of trying a cross between the native breed and sheep of the Lammermuirs. On the occasions of one or two visits to his brother-in-law, the laird, he had been up the glen and seen David Allardyce and his father. The young shepherd had interested him. He had a fondness for music and recognised that there was a quality of real genius in David's self-taught playing and of true melody in his improvisations. David, moreover, like his Biblical namesake, was a glorious specimen of young manhood, several inches above six feet in height, with fine aquiline features and deep-set grey eyes. He had been brought up to the shepherd's calling and knew all the ways of the sheep of his own country. There was no doubt that the draught which the Englishman proposed to import from his Scottish brother-in-law's flock would have a better chance of welfare if a shepherd of their own hills had the charge of them. In a word—he made offer to young Allardyce to bring down the draught and take up the post of shepherd in place of his own man, who was leaving.

At first David was frightened at the thought of exile, for these folk have an affection for their native glens which makes a change of home very terrible to them. He told himself, however—as he might have done without the forty-eight hours of previous perplexed thinking with which he vexed his mind—that all must depend on Elspeth's view. If she would consent, then he would go—the offer was too good to be declined lightly—if she refused, naturally there was no more to say.

As usual with her, Elspeth knew, and spoke, her mind at once. In course of the summer her father had married again, and it may be that this had some effect on her decision. David must accept the post, and since he would not go without her, as she had suggested he should do, to see whether the place suited him, there was no help for it but they must be married forthwith. It may be that Elspeth knew that her suggestion would be declined when she made it. However that is, they were married, and for their honeymoon, started with all their small worldly goods, the fiddle, a collie and a score of Lammermuir sheep, and took train for the Welsh border.

Of that adventurous journey it is not necessary to tell. The poor sheep suffered from the confinement in the close trucks and fright at their strange surroundings, and in certain crises of travel David seemed almost as alarmed and nearly as helpless as his charges; but the courage of Elspeth and of Alan, the collie, never faltered, and brought them all safely in the end to the little house among the hills which was their new home. It stood near the head of a narrow glen in a wood of Scotch firs which had a friendly and homelike aspect for them, and gave shelter to the six-roomed cottage. It was well built of stone walls and slate roof, and beside it went a stream which had all the cheerful look and babble of a Scottish burn. On either side the glen the hills went up, heather clad, towards the barer heights which were the pasture lands of the sheep. Not easily could exiles from the Lammermuirs, those Southern Highlands, have found a foreign home so like that which they had left.

At first David had little time for repining or home-sickness, if he had been disposed to it. He must learn the geography of the hills, the details of the accommodation for his flock, the mode in which his master wished the accounts returned, and had a thousand and one things to keep him busy. Elspeth, too, found plenty to do, settling into the new house and making the acquaintance of the very few neighbours within the distance of a walk. It was only when the autumn days came, with their lengthening nights, that they had leisure, and David took down his fiddle and began playing the old Scottish melodies.

The fir wood and the babbling burn made a place of great delight to him, and he loved to take his fiddle out there and play beneath the trees on the mellow evenings of autumn. He was interested in the animals, especially the birds, some of which were different from any that he had known before. The far bigger glen in which he had lived in Scotland had scarcely a tree on it and gave little shelter for the birds, and to David himself there was a sense of novelty, and of that mystery and attraction which are felt by every child at whose birth Pan has been in attendance, in wandering among the great red columns beneath the sombre green roof. Most likely it was only a pleasant fancy, but by degrees David began to think that his playing created a sympathy between him and the woodland birds and beasts, that the rat-bits would come to the mouth of their burrows and watch him, the squirrels sit on a bough and cease from nibbling, the wood-mouse rest and fix its big eyes on him from among the fallen pine-needles, and the tits and gold crests, that were always

busy hunting for insects among the boughs of the great fir roof, flit nearer down to hear the sounds. When he went up to a high treble note it seemed to him that he could be nearly sure of winning back a loud response in the echoing laugh of the woodpecker, and in the gloaming would amuse himself with tuning a note in unison with the hooting of the owls, which were very numerous in the wood. Probably a feeling of this kind comes to all who are lovers of Nature and of music together, that through their music they have a language in common with the wild creatures, drawing man and his lower friends together with a common sympathy.

Soon he had a new occupation for his thoughts, for Elspeth's time was at hand when there was hope that a third tenant would enter into joint possession of the house in the fir wood. These were very anxious days for David, and he had an idea, which may or may not have been correct, that he learnt at that time to put a new touch of feeling into his playing which had not been there before. The baby was born, a son, on a day when the business of the flock took David far out on the hill—"the best place" for him, as the nurse bluntly told him, "for a man in the house at these times was no more use than a headache."

He stole up when he came back and took a look at the mother, lying with a very white but happy face on the pillow and the babe in the crook of her arm. Then he went down, and all that evening sat alone passing the bow up and down over the strings of the fiddle, not letting it touch them, or at least only so lightly as to make but the very faintest and thinnest sound which could not possibly come to the ears of those in the room above. But to him they represented and suggested sounds of a loud, clear-ringing joy, filling all the world. He would not go out into the wood that night, but sat in the kitchen, while the nurse came down every now and then to tell him that all upstairs was going on "beautifully."

When Elspeth grew stronger and came down with the baby in her arms, he would play to her, in the evenings, by the hour together, and it was a joy to the parents to see how the child smiled when the sounds came from the fiddle.

That was their first-born, and there were never prouder people in this poor world than Elspeth and David when they brought the baby down, on a glorious spring Sabbath, to the church for his christening. He was but the first of many, for before the end of her days Elspeth was the mother of nine children, all born in that little house in the fir wood; but if he was one of the nine he was at least the first of them all, and none of those that came after had the same importance in the eyes of Elspeth and David as this. There were days of sickness and days of health, days of joy and days of sorrow—the last, when Elspeth's splendid health nearly gave way, so that for forty-eight hours David had to look in the face of the terrible prospect of going down the hill of his life to the grave without this companion of all his young manhood—a companion in that intensely close association which is possible only for those who have narrowly-bounded interests, a small outlook and a small house in which they reside day by day, hardly leaving it for a night in a whole lifetime.

On the whole, the days of joy and content were many more than those of anxiety and pain in the closely-entwined lives of these two which became the more as one while children grew up, went out into the world, married and left them until, after many years, the last went and they found themselves, Elspeth and David, alone together in their home as when they came to it first—and it had been so populous, so noisy in the years between, and now so silent! Elspeth shed a tear or two the first night that they were thus left, and David, for his solace, brought out the fiddle and played again the familiar plaintive airs—"John Anderson" and the rest. He gathered some subtle comfort from the pathetic simple tunes—cheerful notes would have seemed an outrage and a discord—and even Elspeth found a vague sympathy in them which helped her. Then she made a desperate effort to be merry, snatching the fiddle away from the player, with "Eh, an' ye're lo'in' the fiddle better'n me, Dawvid," with a mock imitation of her old petulance of long ago.

Yet it is possible that this Elspeth—mother of many and a woman beyond middle age—had not even yet passed all feeling of jealousy for the finely curved and polished box of wood which her man cuddled so lovingly under his chin, making it speak such beautiful words. Over and over again, a thousand times, she had watched him from the window going among the fir trees with this thing on his arm, his splendid head bent over it, and her face had grown hard with anger to think that he had in this fiddle some comfort and resource which was not of her giving, which she could not give. She would have liked to be fiddle and everything else in his life, so that he should not have a thought apart from her, and she knew that when he took this fiddle on his arm he had many thoughts that were not of her—not a thought, maybe, that could truly be said to be of her, in spite of what he told her of his love and his feeling for her being the inspiring source of all his music.

It was not really for very long that the little house was without the cheerful sound of children's voices. A good many

years before the last of the daughters of Elspeth and David was married, the eldest son, whose coming had been the occasion of so much joy, was married and had children born to him, and now a tribe of grandchildren of the old couple were growing up and very willing, as there was opportunity, to come on visits to the grandparents and bring noise and mirth and mischief. The christening of each in turn was made the occasion of great festivity, at which the grandparents had to be present, and at every family gathering grand-dad's playing on the fiddle was a very important part of the entertainment. The years which had whitened David's hair and beard had given a dignity to his fine features, and Elspeth, who had found the words of "Rosin the Beau" in a book of old English songs lent them by David's master, had playfully given this title to him as he applied the rosin to the bow with which he struck his fiddle.

The date of their golden wedding was approaching, but still they found each other none too old for the fond and foolish ways of lovers, and often as she bent over him she would stroke his silvering head when there was none by to see, calling him "Rosin, my beau," and going back again to the old times of their courting in the Lammermuir glen. That day of their golden wedding was made the excuse for a great family reunion of children and grandchildren. The young master and mistress at the big house—the former the son of him who had brought David and Elspeth with the sheep and Alan the collie, now lying in a small grave in the cottage garden, out of Scotland—came up to see them and offer their congratulations, and the party was a very proud and happy one. David, of course, played his fiddle, and they said that as he grew older he only played the better, though he shook his head and protested that his fingers and wrist grew stiff and he could not handle the bow as he used to.

It was very soon after the date of that golden anniversary that David first noticed a change in Elspeth. Her health had been splendid, all through her long active life, but he began to see that she moved at times with difficulty and that her appetite failed her. She told him it was "naethin' to fash about," and when he insisted, answered in her old petulant way, "Havers!" But without saying more to her, David summoned the doctor, and when he appeared Elspeth received him with a readiness which told David at once that she knew herself to be more ill than she would admit. From the very first the doctor was extremely grave in speaking to David of her. "It may get better," he said; "I hope it will—we can never tell—but it is trouble that is deep-seated, and she must have suffered, without your knowing it, for a long while."

He said a deal more, which David could not well understand, but he understood enough to realise that it was only too likely that she would be laid up for a very long time. More than that he did not dare to let himself think, and indeed seemed incapable of imagining. He went about his work on the hills, tending the sheep, rather like a dazed man. Elspeth had taken to her bed by the doctor's orders, and one of the daughters who could best be spared came up to live with them, to look after her, and to do the cooking and household work. For a while, under the doctor's care, Elspeth seemed to get better. She had consented to lie in bed with an acquiescence that was not like her. But then the pain returned and increased, and her weakness increased with it. She looked at David with the old bright smile in her face when he came to see her, but it was a face that grew thinner, almost daily as David thought. He sat in the kitchen below, and his bow went soundlessly over the strings indicating melodies that his brain imagined, but all the while his thoughts were in the room above, just as they had been at the birthtime of one of the children. Those times seemed very long ago now. It was so many years since he had been thus alone night after night, without Elspeth sitting beside him or going busily about the housework, that it seemed as if half his life had been taken away. He was like a lost sheep, he had said to his daughter once; and repeated the phrase to himself a thousand times.

One day the doctor stayed longer than usual in the room upstairs, and when he came down told David, as kindly as he could, that he must prepare himself for losing Elspeth. It might be for a week longer, he said, that they might have her with them; but he did not think that the end could be delayed much further, and for her own sake, and because she suffered, he did not think they ought to wish it.

David listened to him very quietly. He could not trust himself to speak much, but managed to say, "Thank you, sir," as he let the doctor out. He stood by the door for several minutes and then took his fiddle and went out into the woods. At first he did not play, but by degrees his hand went to the bow and he drew it over the strings without any consciousness of what he did or of the tunes that he played. The birds and the animals had grown to know him very well and hardly feared him at all. They came quite close about him in their curiosity to hear the sounds, which they seemed to like, and the old man—he suddenly had begun to feel that he was very old—had a kind of comfort from the sympathy which they seemed to show him. Then he walked slowly back, hung his fiddle on the wall and went up with calm, brave face to the room where Elspeth

never failed, however sore her pain might be, to smile out at him from the pillow.

It was near the shortest day in the year when Elspeth died. The doctor had foretold the end very accurately. She had all her sons and daughters about her, her mind was clear to the last, and to each of them she found some words of comfort to say; but she died with her hand in David's, and her last look before her eyes closed was into his own, bent over her.

She was laid for three days before the burial on the bed that she and David had shared. All the pain had gone from her face and it wore the marvellous look of calm which Death brings. They sent flowers from the big house, and wreaths were brought by her children and by many of the neighbours, but it was a season at which there were few flowers out of doors, and all these had come from conservatories or from shops. David looked in the little garden, but there was not a flower there for him to lay beside her, nor a wild flower in the woods nor on the hills.

It gave him a little trouble that he could find nothing, but his mind was so beclouded with his loss that he could not fix it on any detail. His sons made all arrangements for the funeral. When they consulted him, he listened, but hardly offered a suggestion, and made no objection to anything proposed. Each night, when all in the small house was still, he would pass into the room where Elspeth lay, and kneel for a while beside the bed, then give a last look at the peaceful face and go back again.

On the night before the funeral he went in, as he had done the two nights previously, and, after kneeling beside the bed for a long while, went down the stairs in his stocking feet into the kitchen, and took his bow from its place on the wall beside the fiddle. He wiped it very carefully with his handkerchief and brought it up to where his wife lay on the bed; then, very gently and reverently, he laid it on her breast. "Ye were aye a wee jealous o' it, Elspeth," he said, speaking aloud, as if she might hear him.

It was his act of renunciation. The bow, by his wish, was buried with her, and David never had another.

WILD FLOWERS IN SWITZERLAND.—I.

THE following account of some of the most striking beauties and glories of the Swiss flower-world is in the present article limited to those of spring and early summer, and in a part of Switzerland well known to many English people, viz., the region of Montreux and the Lower Rhone Valley.



G. R. Ballance.

SULPHUR ANEMONE

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Lake Lemán lies some 1,200ft. above sea-level, and its eastern waters touch the bases of mountains on which enormous masses of snow remain until the middle of May, or even later. Spring is somewhat of a laggard in this region; but as soon as the lower slopes are free from snow there is a sudden outburst of colour. Along the borders of the lake, and for a mile or so inland, the vineyards still offer dismal expanses of leafless stocks and brown soil, only brightened here and there by patches of grape hyacinth; but



G R Ballance

PURPLE SAXIFRAGE.

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beyond them lie orchards and meadows, and here, forcing through the sodden ground their white and purple buds, suddenly appear myriads of crocuses sprinkled far and wide over open grasslands and lying clustered in dense patches, like drifted snow, round the boles of Spanish chestnuts and apple trees, while here and there and everywhere the fields are growing blue with innumerable scillas (*S. bifolia*), and sunny slopes are becoming thickly studded with great tufts of primroses and glowing with early violets, and at the edges of copses peep forth countless blue and purple periwinkles, and within the thickets the ground is starred with hepaticas. In wooded ravines one may now come across great beds of the vernal snowflake, often forcing its way from beneath the snow and raising aloft its handsome drooping bell of white, tipped with green—a showy rival of the snowdrop, but lacking its delicate perfume. *Daphne* (*Mezereum*) now

begins to flame in the thickets. White and pink *dentarias*, like gigantic cuckoo-flowers—the white with pinnate leaves, the pink with palmate—begin to light up dark corners of the woods, or to suspend their blossoms from inaccessible crags. On open slopes the hellebore hangs out its green bells tipped with purple; white and red butter-bur and the yellow colt's-foot line the sides of woodland roads; purple and spotted orchids spring up amid the oxlips and cowslips that now take the place of the scillas and

crocuses; the handsome white and mauve trumpets of the *melittis*, the fluffy blue-grey heads of the *globularia*, the *chamaebuxus* (a species of milkwort) with its winged blossoms painted with delicate shades of yellow and pink and orange, the wood anemone and the little yellow anemone (*Ranunculoides*) with its two golden chalices, the beautiful pale yellow pea-like flower of the *tetragonolobus* (so called from its four-cornered pod), the *vincetoxicum* with its whorl of tiny white richly-scented blooms, and many other "bells and flowrets of a thousand hues" come forth on every mountain-side to greet the returning spring, while every swampy hollow is filled with the gold of kingcups, and marshy places are bright with purple and yellow butterwort, or all aflame with the *Primula farinosa*.

By about the end of April the lower grasslands begin to display a profusion of meadow flowers which, I am told, would



Lope Macey

CROCUSES.

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Hope Macey.

A NARCISSUS FIELD.

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be regarded by the English grazier as a proof of very "dirty farming," but which is, nevertheless, exceedingly beautiful. Blue meadow sage, great purple geraniums, the pale rose-coloured spike of the bistorta, the star-like umbels of the astrantia, the pink sainfoin, dark purple columbines, marguerites and forget-me-nots and yellow goat's-beard, vetches and scabious and refulgent lychnis (the flos Jovis), campanulas and melilot, clovers and milkworts and centaureas red and blue—such are some of the flowers of which the hay-crop of the lower pastures is to a great extent composed. Nor should I forget the variegated coronilla with its tuft of delicately-tinted pink and white blossoms, nor the medick and the bugle, and the yellow rattle and the thyme, and the dead nettles and the kidney vetch and the champions—but the list is endless. As April draws to its end, or as May begins, one may observe from below—from Clarens or Vevey—how on the lower slopes of the surrounding mountains, up towards Les Avants, Cubli and the Pleiades, there are patches and belts of white which extend and grow whiter from day to day, spreading gradually upward, until almost the whole of the open country between the vineyards and the pinewoods seems to be covered with fresh-fallen snow. It is the narcissus—a variety of the *Narcissus poeticus*—such as is grown

in Cornwall for the London market. In this region of Switzerland, and also in the Château-d'Oex Valley and elsewhere, it covers the face of the country with its countless millions, growing sometimes so close together that it expels almost all other vegetation over great expanses of what otherwise might be luxuriant grassland. In the lower meadows (whence it is constantly extirpated) it only occurs in small patches or thinly scattered; but at an elevation of about 1,000ft. from the lake it begins to reign supreme, and one may walk for hours surrounded on all sides by fields and slopes clothed in dazzling white—almost as dazzling as snow itself. Gradually the gleam dies away from the lower slopes and recedes, like snow, towards the heights, nor is it of unfrequent

occurrence that a late snow-fall (such as we had in 1908 towards the end of May) covers the hills with a veil of white from which it is impossible to distinguish the snowy gleam of the narcissus. Even a month later the narcissus may be found in its full beauty on the higher hills in our neighbourhood, at an elevation of about 4,500ft. Late last June I walked for more than an hour along a ridge of the Pleiades, wading knee-deep through myriads of narcissus and golden globe-flowers.



G. R. Ballance.

YELLOW SAXIFRAGE.

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In early spring excursions are made up the Rhone Valley in quest of the purple Anemone Pulsatilla and the handsome yellow Adonis, as well as for lilies of the valley, which abound in the woods. On many a rocky slope and along the banks of the Rhone one may find the Anemone Pulsatilla and a variety (Montana) in great quantities. The great yellow Adonis is rarer. It may be found near Martigny, and here and there elsewhere in Valais. But it is for orchids that I make my most interesting spring excursions in the valley. In the marshes one finds immense multitudes of the magnificent military orchis, the marsh orchis, the green-winged orchis and the cœloglossum, and later the fragrant pink and the white butterfly orchis. In the neighbourhood of Bex there is a hill whose sides are steep and densely wooded, but whose summit offers to the sunlight broad expanses of grassy lawns studded with gigantic Spanish chestnuts. Here I have often spent a day of spring or early summer, and have generally brought home a large number of different Orchidaceæ. The following is a fairly full list of what may be found on or near this hill: Fly orchis, bee, spider, man (called here *l'homme pendu*), frog, burnt, purple, spotted, military, marsh, sambucina, globosa, Morio, pink and white butterfly, nigritella, the three cephalantheras, epipactis, neottia, listera and the great purple limodorum. Of these, perhaps, the last named is the rarest. It is not an English orchis. It grows to a height of about 2½ ft., and consists of a curious, shiny purple stem with sheathing, scale-like leaves of a dingy white, and large, handsome purplish flowers with a long spur. Perhaps the most beautiful of all these Orchidaceæ are the white and pink "sword-leaved" cephalantheras, with their pyramidal spike of flowers and sharply-pointed foliage. A grassy slope backed by dark pines and covered with multitudes of these white or pink cephalantheras waving to and fro in the breeze is a sight which, like Wordsworth's daffodils, oft flashes on the inward eye in later hours. Of the true orchids, it is doubtless the cypripede (Venus' Slipper) which carries off the prize of beauty. It is to be found here and there in the neighbourhood of the Rhone, and occasionally in considerable quantities; but I have never come across it on the Bex hills.

Towards the middle of June the mountain slopes and ridges up to about 7,000 ft. are fairly clear of snow, although it lies for some time longer in ravines and under precipices that face northwards. Even before the snow has quite disappeared many of the higher alpine plants, such as the soldanella and the vernal anemone, may be seen pushing their way upwards through it to the sunlight, and in a short time all the heights are resplendent with colour. I will try to describe some such excursion, taking for my objective some mountain of about 6,000 ft. or 7,000 ft., such as the Chamossaire, above Aigle, or the Cape au Moine, above Les Avants. At about 3,000 ft. one begins to leave behind one the lowland meadow and roadside flowers, and others take their place. The rocks are bright with bushes of yellow coronilla and tufts of the pink saponaria. The graceful nettle-leaved veronica, with its pale lilac flowers, the handsome yellow *Pedicularis foliosa*, the thornless dark pink Alpine rose, the *Geranium sanguineum* with its single flower of glowing crimson-purple, and the dusky *Geranium phœum* with its reverted petals, the dentarias and pulmonarias and the golden saxifrage, the upright whorled Solomon's seal (*verticillatum*), the thalictrums, white and pink, the Alpine daisy with its long stalk and drooping head, the yellow Alpine pinguicula, the two-flowered yellow violet, the round-leaved saxifrage, and the aconite-leaved ranunculus—these are some of the flowers which greet one as one winds one's way upward through woods and pastures. Of all these flowers the most conspicuous is perhaps the aconite-leaved ranunculus, which sometimes forms bushes 3 ft. or 4 ft. high, covered with a multitude of beautiful white flowers. It grows in great luxuriance along the sides of runnels and in shady woodland

spots. As one reaches a higher elevation, about 5,000 ft., the pinewoods often suddenly end, and one finds oneself perhaps on some vast grassy slope leading upwards to a craggy *arête*. For some time one wades through long grass, thickly set with ox-eye daisies, narcissus and St. Bruno's lilies (*Paradisica*), and as one looks upward it seems as if the whole mountain-side were white with these flowers; but suddenly they cease, and one is amid a

waving sea of white Alpine anemones and the clustered *Anemone narcissiflora*. For miles along the mountain-side and right up to the crags of the *arête* one sees nothing but this sea of white anemones. These white Alpine anemones (the buds of which are delicately tinged with blue) are said to be the same as the still more magnificent sulphur anemones which one finds in such profusion in the neighbourhood of Zermatt and in many other localities. The difference in colour seems to be produced by the soil, the white variety growing generally in limestone and the yellow in igneous districts. But they may be found sometimes growing side by side. Among these myriads of anemones are many other flowers, such as the dark purple Alpine bartsia and the handsome phaca with its bunches of yellow and purple pea-like flowers; and as one ascends the bell-gentians begin, becoming more numerous every minute until they are around one on all sides in thousands and thousands. As one approaches the *arête* the grass slope becomes steeper and steeper, and the anemones begin to diminish in size and in number. Clumps of red heath (*Erica carnea*) appear, like veritable "burning bushes." Spring gentians (long since vanished from their lower haunts) stud the short brown turf with their stars of

wondrous blue. On the crags above one are seen hundreds of bright yellow flowers—most of them in utterly inaccessible spots. These are the Alpine auriculas—a flower whose Lorelei beauty has lured as many a lover to destruction as has the edelweiss, and which shares with the edelweiss the ignominy of flourishing in captivity. Breathless one drags oneself up on to the very edge of the *arête* and peeps over. The thin knife-like edge of the Grat is white with dryas, and here and there blazes a tuft of the large spurred Alpine pansy (*Viola calcarata*); in the crags, side by side with splendid auriculas, nestle the showy blooms of the white and red *Primula viscosa*, and here and there glows a patch of purple saxifrage (*oppositifolia*). Then, as the eye grows more accustomed to the shade, one notices that wherever the *arête* slopes downwards on its northern side, instead of suddenly breaking into a precipice, these slopes are covered with thousands of the fringed mauve-coloured bells of the soldanella. One picks one's way carefully along the *arête*, gathering with some anxiety here and there a dryas or saxifrage or an Alpine violet, and reaches at last a kind of hog's-back, where—with Mont Blanc before and the Oberland behind one—one unpacks sandwiches and passes half-an-hour of ecstatic enjoyment, gazing now southwards towards the lake and Savoy, with a foreground rich with the blue of gentians and the snows of anemones and narcissus, and now northwards, over slopes purple with soldanella, towards the Jungfrau and the Finster Aarhorn.

H. B. COTERILL.



G. R. Ballance.

EDELWEISS.

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FORGOTTEN BOOKS.

Πρωγωνίσματα. The Inn-Play; or, Cornish-Hugg Wrestler, by Sir Thomas Parkyn of Bunny, Baronet. Third Edition, with large additions, 1727.

SIR THOMAS PARKYNS of Bunny Park, in the County of Nottingham, was the hero of one ambition and of one book. From his early youth unto the day of his death he was constant in the belief that to wrestle was the whole duty of man. From the day when, under the tuition of Dr. Busby at Westminster School, he got by heart Martial's epigram "*De rusticatione*," and in interpreting the words *oleo corpusque frico* discovered that wrestling was one of the five Olympick Games, he never wavered in his allegiance to what he

deemed the noblest of all sports. When he went to Cambridge he mastered the rudiments of Statics and Hydraulics, he became learned in the meaning of levers and stilliards, of fortes and feeblies, of fulciments and props, and all to serve the main purpose of his life. It was his good fortune at the University to fall in with Sir Isaac Newton, Mathematick Professor, who, seeing his inclination, invited him to his public lectures, "for which," says Sir Thomas, "I thank him, though I was a Fellow Commoner, and seldom, if ever, any such were call'd to them." From Cambridge he proceeded to Gray's Inn, where it was still wrestling, rather than the law, that engrossed him, and where one Mr. Cornish taught him those lessons of Inn-Play which in life made him a formidable opponent, and after death gave him an amiable immortality. In 1684, when he was no more than eighteen years of age, he succeeded to his title and estates, and, having acquired so much knowledge of law and the world as became a country gentleman, he presently settled down at Bunny Park to do what he could for his tenants and to cultivate, hip and thigh, the art and science of wrestling. The true father of his people, he studied medicine that he might cure the sick. He endowed a grammar school and founded almshouses; he rebuilt his farms and planted trees. Above all he wrestled. He was ready to meet all comers, and he preferred those as servants who had given him a fall. Every year he held a tourney in his park, offered as a prize a hat worth twenty-two shillings and himself acted as sole and undisputed umpire. Nor was he content to prove his skill upon the sword. He was a man of theory as well as of practice, and in his *Προγυμναστικά* he gave to the world the fruits of a long and patient study, and incidentally revealed his own amazing and eccentric character. He did all this with rare deliberation and after profound thought. Horace advises the poet to ponder over his work a full nine years. Sir Thomas kept his unpublished for more than a quarter of a century, and it profited vastly by the delay. For it is as mature a piece of fantasy as may be met with in the byeways of literature—the book of a scholar and a sportsman, a gentleman and a pedant. It is difficult to say which get the better of it in the end, the classical allusions or the technical terms. The title-page yields nothing in descriptive magnificence, even to the ingenious experiments of Sir Thomas Urquhart and Lord Worcester. It tells us that the famous "Inn-Play" is "digested in a Method which teacheth to break all Holds, and throw most Falls Mathematically. Easy to be understood by all gentlemen, etc., and of great Use to such who understand the Small-Sword in Fencing. And by all Tradesmen and Handicrafts, that have competent Knowledge of the Use of the Stilliards, Bar, Crowe-Iron or Lever, with their Hypomochlious, Fulciments or Baits." No title-page was ever better designed. It arouses a curiosity which the author does not scruple to disappoint; it promises instruction, which a most diligent searching of the book fails to discover.

The work is furnished with a complete apparatus of eccentricity. There are prefaces, premonitory verses and dedications. William Tunstall, who delights to call himself "Philo-Athletes," glorifies the author in prose and verse. He assures Sir Thomas that he will restore posterity to the vigour, activity and health of its ancestors, and that the setting up of one Palaestra in every town will be the pulling down of treble its number of apothecaries' shops. Then he turns lightly to verse:

Theron and Chromius, shall forever shine,
In Pindar's Song and Cowley's tuneful
Line:
But active Chromius, nor young Theron's
Name
Shall be intitled to a surer Fame,
Than thine, (O Parkyns!) could I reach that
Height
To sing, like Pindar, or, like Cowley, write.

Though his intention was good, poor Philo-Athletes could not reach the height. He did but stumble, where his friend and patron easily scaled the topmost pinnacle. With excellent good humour Sir Thomas dedicates his book to George II., "desiring," says he, "that you would give this my little book a fall under your feet, in your library," and incidentally undertakes to make the most vicious horse in the King's army, if he will but eat oats, stand fire, without the least flinch and scarce stir his ears. The dedication is followed by a letter to Lord Thomas Manners, one of his scholars, whom he taught to play at broad-sword, and to whom he signs himself, with perfect propriety, "yours devotedly, with Heart, Hand and Foot." Lord Thomas, not to be outdone, reminds his master that "men like you liv'd, when Greece knew her happiest days," urges him to follow Cæsar's example and leave his own connections behind him, and declares that he is "in all Holds, Postures and Guards, Inlock and Outlock, Erect or Inclining, Inside, Outside, Medium or Pendant, your Trusty Friend." That is the right spirit of sport and scholarship, and with these liminaries the book itself is in perfect accord.

Sir Thomas Parkyns was, as will have been seen, as fine a master of digression as Robert Burton himself. A single word or thought carries him suddenly off the track; yet he never forgets that wrestling is the true purpose of his life as of his book. In his esteem that art and science, which "employs and exercises the Hands, Feet and all other Parts of the Human Frame, is the foundation of all the virtues." "Non omnes qui citharæcant

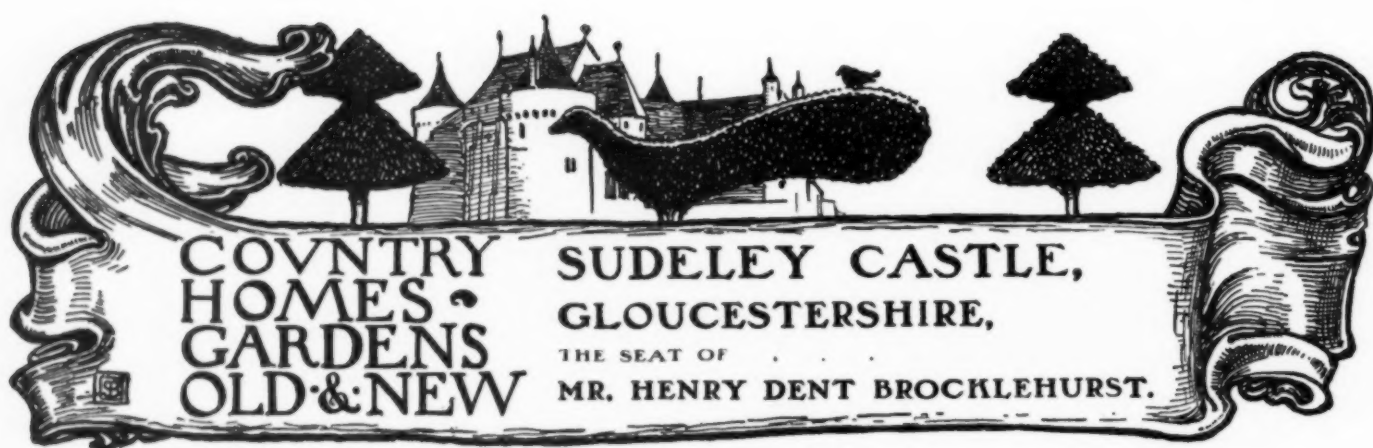
citharæcant," he says. In other words, every man that carries a fiddle is not an Orpheus. And so it is with wrestling. He will allow no smatterers who pluck and tear clothes and kick irregularly. What he demands is the "thorough-pac'd Wrestler, perfect and quick, in breaking and taking all holds"; and he cannot be made without long practice and willing sacrifice of self. Above all, whoever would be a complete wrestler must avoid being overtaken in drink, which induces passion and drives a man to show too much play or none at all. "Since the Diluvians," says he in a characteristic passage, "Bacchus, Ceres, and even Paracelsus their substitute, have been celebrated Wrestling-Masters. The first tells you he has and does still teach all over Europe . . . Ceres keeps School at all Checquers . . . Stout has the fullest School amongst the Posters, Carmen, Chair-men, etc. Paracelsus admits for the most part, at the Golden-Stillis; his Method he extracted from, and is an Abridgment of, the two former; his Journeyman Assistants are Brandy, a Frenchman; Usquebaugh, an Irishman; Rum, a Molossonian," etc. And as wrestling teaches sobriety, so also it enforces peace. Your true gamester is never contentious nor quarrelsome. Knowing his strength, he can laugh at small indignities and accept no provocation; but the last, and when that is put upon him, he will with a calm fortitude overcome his adversary. What, then, could be a better check upon duelling, already discredited by the death of the Duke of Hamilton, than this sturdy sport, which would inflict no worse injury than a severe fall or two, a black face or the like, and yet allay the heat and fury of the combatants? More than this, wrestling is a sovereign cure for all ills. This Hippocrates knew full well, who, though he applauded exercise, was unwilling to destroy Pharmacy at a single blow. Therefore, he said no word of the *Παλη δαι συμπλοκήν*, which is "our Cornish-Hugg or Inn-Play Wrestling," and for a good reason, because he was sure that that manly exercise, if generally practised, would supersede all physic. Thus would return the golden age of health, peace and chivalry. Sir Thomas drew a pleasant picture of the "young women," who at wakes and other festivals watch the prowess of their champions, like the peerless dames at joust or tournament. "They come not thither," says he, "to choose a coward," nor do they approve of the Norfolk Out-Play, the rending and tearing of waistcoats, the kicking and breaking of shins. And Sir Thomas is of a like mind with the young woman. For him there is but one kind of wrestling, "the Inn-Play or Cornish-Hugg." This is his gospel, which he preaches with an eloquent fanaticism. The man who would condescend to the Out-Play is unfit to live or to fight. The valiant Briton will always close with his adversary; he will never delay the grip; and if he will follow the good counsel here given, surely the gold-laced hat of Bunny will perch upon his head. And if one throw will not suit his style and strength, here are a round dozen to choose from—the Flying Horse, the Hanging Trippet, the Back-Clamp and the Pinnion. Then to it, my masters, and may the best man win! And who is the best man? He must be of a middle-size, athletic,



THE EFFIGY.

deified him in a polite copy of verses, explaining that "Brave Parkyns imitates great Jacob's Fame," and charging his censurers with impiety against the Testaments, both New and Old. He was seventy-eight when "death at last gave him the back-fall," and his contest outlived him for seventy years. To-day they no longer wrestle in Bunny Park; the old scholar's effigy is scared and broken by time. His book alone remains, an enduring monument, though seen by few, of his courage and humour.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.



SUDELEY, which stands on the pleasant Cotswold slopes just south of Winchcombe town, has the distinction of possessing a recorded history long antedating the advent of the Normans. Winchcombe was a royal town of the Mercian Kingdom. Here Cenwulf founded the great Benedictine Abbey, and here he and his murdered son Cenhelm were buried in 819 A.D. Such neighbouring lands as did not pass into the possession of the Abbey appear to have remained in royal hands when Wessex succeeded Mercia in the leadership of England, and nearly two centuries after Cenwulf's death, Ethelred the Unready gave Sudeley to his youngest daughter, Godgifu. Godgifu's mother was the Norman Emma, and her husbands were Walter of Mantes and Eustace of Boulogne, the latter of whom fought with William at Senlac. We are not, therefore, surprised that the Conquest brought no change in the ownership of Sudeley. "Ralph the Earl," Godgifu's son by her first husband, succeeded

her in possession, and when he died in 1057 he was succeeded by his son Harold. Harold appears to have borne no part in the struggle of 1066, and it cannot be said on which side his sympathies lay. His step-grandfather's influence would secure him his estates, but he was too uncertain in heart and too weak in head to be given the earldom his father had held. We therefore know of him only through the Domesday Surveyors, who tell us that "Herald the son of Earl Radulf holds Sudlege of the King, and Radulf his father held it." Leland, who has much to say as to Sudeley, assures us that "there had been a minor place at Sudeley before the building of the Castle and the platte is yet seen in Sudeley Parke where it stode." This would have been Harold's home, for it was his son John who was the first castle-builder, copying the general example in the anarchy of Stephen's reign. Sir Gilbert Scott when at work at Sudeley in 1854 found portions of what he held to be this first castle in the lower

part of the tower, of which the upper room is now called Katherine Parr's. Of John of Sudeley's sons, the elder inherited that estate and was with Richard Cœur de Lion on Crusade, winning back for his family the good opinion of the Church lost by his younger brother of Toddington a few years before, for he is the William de Tracy, murderer of Becket, who, putting his foot on the dead Archbishop's head, exclaimed, "Thus perishes a traitor." The last male of the line of Godgifu of England and Walter of Mantes, having fought at Crecy, died during the Black Prince's Spanish Expedition in 1367, and his daughter Joan carried Sudeley to her husband, William Boteler. Their grandson was Sudeley's first really eminent possessor and its greatest builder. Ralph Boteler was probably too young to be present at Agincourt in 1415, but a few years later we find him in the retinue of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, when Henry V. married Charles VI's daughter at Troyes and became "heir and regent" of France. In the next reign Boteler fought under Bedford during the periods both of the success and of the failure of English arms. But though, in the end, France was lost to his King, Ralph himself profited by the war, amassed a fortune and became Lord Chamberlain and Baron of Sudeley in 1441. Next year we find that, "holding the great office of Lord Treasurer of England, he had for his winter robe, against Christmas, an allowance out of the King's wardrobe of ten ells of fine cloth of colour violet in grain; and for its



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THE NORTHERN ARCHWAY INTO THE QUADRANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE CASTLE AND CHAPEL FROM THE EASTERN TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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lining 300 bellies of minever." He was determined to house as well as dress himself sumptuously, and a century later Leland wrote that: "Lord Sudley that beilled the castle was a famous man of warr in Henry the 5. and Henry the 6. dayes, and was admirall (as I have heard) onse; whereupon it was supposed and spoken that it was partly buildyd by spoyles gotten in France; and some speake of a towre in it called Potmare's Towre that it should be made of a ransome of his." The Portmure Tower was found to be one of the least ruinous portions of Ralph's castle when the nineteenth century restorations were begun. It has been incorporated into the present habitation and it stands south of the west entrance. But the more splendid parts of the fifteenth century castle (which, as Leland declares, "when it was made had the price of all the buildings in those days") were so completely dilapidated that they were left as they were. This was a wise course. To have attempted to make them once more habitable would have meant practical reconstruction. The ruin of the noble upper and lower halls that stand on the east side of the southern quadrangle speaks more truthfully and eloquently of the best English domestic work of Henry VI.'s reign than any imitative Gothic restoration would have done. Yet we may well deplore the loss of one of the very finest of the halls of the Perpendicular period, whose sumptuousness occasioned the belief soon after it was built that "part of the windows were glazed with befall." As in the case of Hampton Court in the

to them, as his heirs, of Sudeley, of which he had been wrongfully dispossessed. They add that he was taken to the Tower of London and lay there for long "in full streyte prison and cowde," because his castle pleased the King, and that he only signed away his rights under pressure and "for dread of his life and cohercion of that imprisonment." Leland, therefore, quoted a tradition based on facts when he wrote that "King Edward bore no good will to the Lord of Sudeley, whereupon by complaints he was attached, and going up to London he looked from the hill of Sudeley and said, 'Sudeley Castle, thou art the traitor, not I.'" In this sense it continued a traitor in Henry VII.'s days, as it was too valuable to be given up to its builder's nephews, and remained Crown property until the accession of Edward VI., when it was granted to Thomas Seymour, who was created Lord Sudeley. Of the many self-seeking adventurers whose selfish career was closed on Tower Hill under the Tudors, he was one of those who best deserved his fate. His greed and his lust seem to have been unqualified by any of the nobler feelings and higher aspirations which entered into the composite natures of many of his associates, such as his own elder brother, the Protector Somerset. Already advanced and enriched by his brother-in-law, Henry VIII., he did not wait for that king's funeral before he sought to make the most of his position as the next king's uncle. The Council gave him a peerage, the office of Lord High Admiral and eighteen Gloucestershire manors besides



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THE CHAPEL SEEN OVER THE NORTH YEW GALLERY.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

next century, the grandeur of Ralph Boteler's house gave rise to envy in a royal breast, and was a factor in its builder's downfall. To the House of Lancaster had Lord Sudeley owed his advancement and his fortune, and he is found fighting on Henry's side when the first blood of the Roses' War was shed at St. Albans in 1455. At that early stage the struggle did not develop the internecine character which it afterwards assumed. The Duke of Somerset and other lords and knights fell in the King's defeat, but there were no after beheadings and no attainders. Indeed, a general pardon was issued by the Parliament which shortly afterwards met. Lord Sudeley, therefore, having escaped the dangers of the field, was safe in limb and in fortune, and, as his name does not appear among the combatants in any of the succeeding battles, the final triumph and accession of Edward IV. found him still unattainted and in possession. But he belonged to the other side, and his castle and estates were desirable. That was enough to seal his fate, and he was made to surrender Sudeley and half-a-dozen other manors. These, a deed dated in February, 1469, merely states that he had "given and granted" to ten of Edward IV.'s leading relations, ministers and partisans, and there is no contemporary record of how that deed was extracted from the unwilling landowner. But when Henry VII. had come to the throne and the Lancastrian partisans were once more in favour, the nephews of Lord Sudeley (who, together with his only son, was then dead) petitioned for the restoration

Sudeley. A fortnight after Henry's funeral he was proposing to his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, and thwarted in that quarter he turned his attention to the new-made widow, Queen Katherine Parr. Four days later they were secretly engaged and three months later secretly married. When she had been the widow of her second husband, Lord Latimer, Katherine and Thomas Seymour had been drawn together. But the King's eye falling on her as a likely subject for his sixth matrimonial venture, she saw "God's Will" in this, and, leaving her young and handsome lover, married the decaying monarch. With the fate of Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard before her, she ordered her life with extreme prudence, and gave no handle to gossip. Her real ability, learning and goodness enabled her to retain her husband's favour and to earn the friendship of all his children; even, despite her own decided Protestantism, of the Catholic Mary. Yet she did not hesitate, as soon as she was free, to throw herself into the arms of the handsome, dashing scamp whose conduct towards her was promptly such that when she died, eighteen months later, the false rumour that he had poisoned her gained easy credence. Their marriage was soon made public and was condoned, and meanwhile Sudeley had been in the workmen's hands. We are told that: "In the former reign according to Leland, 'it was going to ruin, more the pity!'" but, now the property of Seymour, it was rapidly being metamorphosed, from the neglected and uninhabited

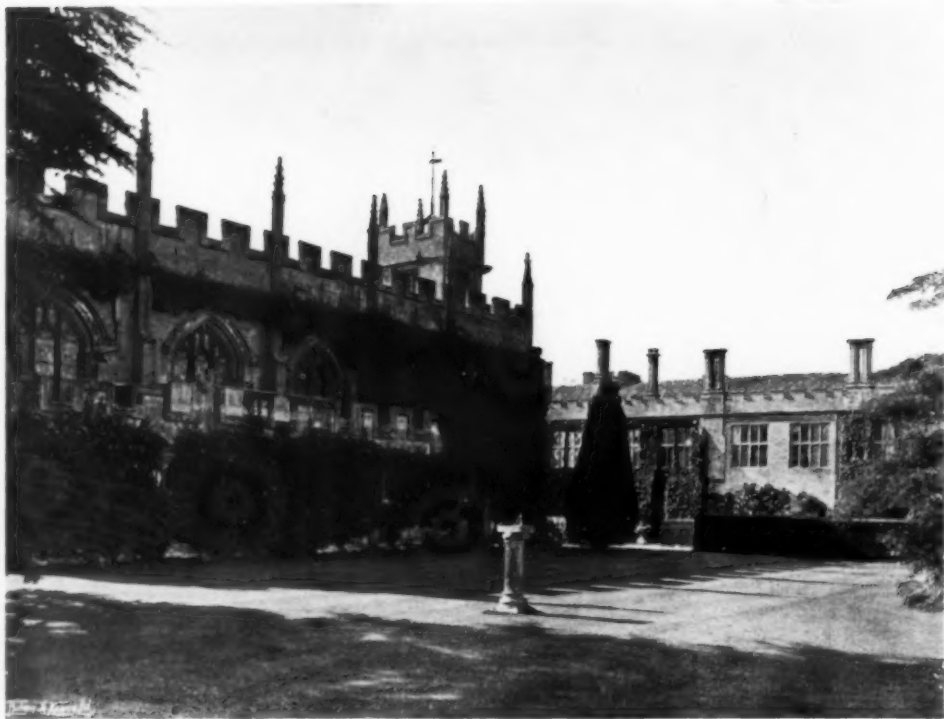


"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE EDGE OF THE EASTERN TERRACE.

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Castle, into a residence of fitting splendour for the queen as Seymour's happy bride. From morn till eve, and far into the night, were the workmen busily employed. Walls were covered with scaffolding, stone masons without and carpenters within, hurrying forward their work of preparation; for daily was the queen expected to take up her residence within the precincts of the Castle." Here she spent much of the last year of her life with "a retinue of ladies in waiting, maids of honour and gentlewomen in ordinary, besides the appointments for her expected nursery and lying-in-chamber, and more than a hundred and twenty gentlemen of her household and yeomen of the guard." Here learned men of the Reformed Church, such as Coverdale and Parkhurst, both afterwards bishops, dwelt with her and gave a religious and intellectual tone to the life at the castle, very distasteful to its lord, whose escape from such society Latimer compared to a mole getting himself away into the earth. But the most interesting character at Sudeley during this year was Lord Sudeley's ward, Lady Jane Grey. While he was still a bachelor, she had been handed over to him by her father, the Marquess of Dorset, on the plea that he was uncle to Edward VI. and could best promote the desired marriage between the cousins. Both these children were clever and



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NORTH SIDE OF THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

highly educated for their years and both of Protestant leaning, and Queen Katherine's house was about the best, morally and educationally, which could have been found for the girl. Except in her choice of a fourth husband, Katherine Parr was, in conduct and in judgment, superior to the large majority of the great ladies of her day. As the year 1548 wore on a still more absorbing interest than the education of her ward began to occupy the Queen. For the first time she was to become a mother. Her lying-in was to be consonant with her position as a King's widow rather than a

baron's wife, and we hear of the gilded bedstead, the chair of state covered with cloth of gold, the fair tapestries representing the twelve months. Even the nurse's bed was to have "counterpoints of imagery to please the babe." The Queen's apartments lay immediately to the north of Ralph Boteler's great hall, and an upper oriel window of his date still survives at this point, looking out east upon the garden and chapel. Tradition makes this the nursery window, and here are now gathered together the various relics of the Queen, such as her miniature by Holbein, her "Devotional Tracts," her letter accepting Lord Seymour of Sudeley and three locks of her hair. But it was not a chamber of life but of death that the Queen was preparing for herself. Seven days after the



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IN THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE PARTERRE OF THE SOUTHERN YEW GALLERY.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

birth of a girl who was to live and die obscurely, Katherine Parr, not yet thirty-seven, though four times a wife, passed away. She was buried in the chapel close by, which the illustrations show to be also a survival of the age of Sudeley's great builder. A manuscript in the College of Arms details every act of the Queen's burial and mentions every person in "th' ordre in proceedinge to the chapell." From this list, wherein the Lady Jane, "her trayne borne uppe by a younge ladye," is the chief mourner, Lord Sudeley's name is conspicuously absent. It cannot be that he, who was certainly present at the deathbed, had already left the castle to enter upon further matrimonial schemes. During the Queen's lifetime his intimacy with the Princess Elizabeth was such as may have passed muster at that time, but which certainly would be objected to to-day. As soon as the Queen was dead he renewed the suit which had been unsuccessful eighteen months before, and he endeavoured to procure the Princess's consent to a clandestine marriage. Again unsuccessful, he is thought to have turned his attention to her sister Mary. However, his race was nearly run. His restless and manifold political intrigues, dangerous, though ill-conceived, tired out the patience of the Council, and six months after his wife's death his own brother had to sign his death warrant. Sudeley, forfeited by his attainder, was given

hall. The north quadrangle must then have been occupied by subsidiary buildings, which were, in the sixteenth century, converted into the principal residential apartments in accordance with the enhanced requirements of that age. Who carried out these large alterations? Only in the early days of Thomas Seymour's occupation do we hear of extensive works going on. But these occupied so little space of time that, despite the activity shown, they would seem to have consisted in repairs and decorations rather than in the complete re-edification—on a different scale and in a different style—of a whole quadrangle. And the style in which it is built favours the view that it belongs to the time of the second Chandos rather than of Thomas Seymour. In Edward VI.'s time—and, indeed, under Philip and Mary—there remained just enough Gothic feeling to continue the use of the depressed arch headstones to window lights, which had begun in the fifteenth century and continued, with rather greater width of light and reduced solidity of mullion, under Henry VIII. The older part of Dingley, built under Edward VI., and the post-Reformation building at St. Osyth's Priory, erected under Philip and Mary, are instances of this continuance. But the whole of the windows of the north or new quadrangle at Sudeley—that is, of the part now inhabited—have square-topped lights, and the section of mullions



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IN THE SOUTH QUADRANGLE.

Showing the ruined fifteenth century hall.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to his wife's brother, William Parr, Marquess of Northampton. But his close connection with the Duke of Northumberland in the latter's scheme to place Lady Jane on the throne led to his downfall when Mary gained the upper hand. His life was spared, but he was stripped of his titles and estates. He and all those concerned in the plot, including the unfortunate Lady Jane herself, found themselves in the Tower, under the strict, but humane, guardianship of the Constable, Sir John Brydges. Under Henry VIII. Brydges had had charge of the Castle of Sudeley, and now castle and estates were conferred upon him, and, claiming as he did female descent from the Chandos whom Froissart's pages extol, the Chandos barony was revived in his favour. He possessed Sudeley only three years, for he died in 1557, and it must therefore have been his son and grandson who did the Elizabethan work to be found there. We have seen that Sir Gilbert Scott had opinions as to the date of the earliest masonry to be found at Sudeley, but he does not seem to have continued his chronology. Nor do we get much help in this particular respect from the late Mrs. Dent's comprehensive work on "The Annals of Winchcombe and Sudeley," from which we have been freely quoting. Roughly speaking, the castle does now consist, and must originally have consisted, of two quadrangles, of which the southern included the chief edifices of Ralph Boteler's days, such as the keep and the banqueting

and transoms, together with the general form and size of the windows, are of the kind frequent under Elizabeth, but rarely used earlier. Moreover, in two places we have evidence that Edmund, second Lord Chandos, did work in this portion of the castle. In what is known as the Chandos Room is a mantelpiece having the initials E.C. and the family motto, "Maintene le Droit," carved upon it. The same initials and the date 1572—the year of Edmund's death—appear over a little window near the western gateway. Two years later Edmund's son and successor, Giles, received the Virgin Queen at Sudeley, and it is therefore a fairly safe conjecture that the third lord was enabled to indulge in royal receptions owing to the building activity displayed by the second. Giles was only twenty-seven years of age when Elizabeth first visited him in 1574, and was still unmarried, so that it fell to the lot of his mother, "the old Lady Shandowes," to present to her sovereign a jewel consisting of a "falcon or parrot, the body crystal, the head, tail, legs and breast of gold fully garnished with sparks of rubies and emeralds." Next year Elizabeth was again at Sudeley, but it was not until later in her reign and after the Spanish Armada days—which kept Lord Chandos busy with his duties as Lord-Lieutenant of the County—that she paid her last and longest visit. It was a very splendid affair. "The lord and lady of the Castle prepared emblematic and costly gifts; shepherds and shepherdesses, Cotswold sheep and locks of



IN THE NORTH QUADRANGLE

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

wool, gods and goddesses, were all introduced to play their part in the pageant. Performances were given every night"; and even on the Sunday there was a play "which commenced with Apollo running after Daphne." To this magnificent host succeeded, in 1594, his brother, William, during whose period of occupancy the ways of the Sudeley household seem to have been a little disorderly, for some of his men are reported to have attacked and robbed "Clothiers returning with £400 from Bristol fair," Winchcombe being at that time one of the centres of the Cotswold wool trade. His son, Guy Brydges, fifth Lord Chandos, was the last of Sudeley's lords to improve and add to the buildings. His initials and the date 1614 may be seen on a doorway to the cloister or passage that in some form or another has long run between the quadrangles and was used to connect the kitchen and the hall. He lived in his great-uncle's grand manner and was known as the "King of the Cotswolds" from the vastness of his retinue. He kept open house three days a week for the gentry, and the poor profited by the remnants of his feasts. This mode of life may, in some measure, account for his ill-health and his resort to foreign watering-places. He died in his coach on a journey to Spa in 1621, leaving a yearling son to succeed him. Soon after George, sixth Lord Chandos, came of age, the Civil War broke out, and armed with the Royal commission of array, he came down to Gloucestershire to raise troops for the King. But

piece of beaded needle-work, now at Sudeley, represents Charles's reception there by Lady Sudeley and her sister armed with musical instruments. In 1644 Waller summoned the castle to surrender, and on this being refused he brought up his guns against the garrison, when "one shot by chance took off the head of their cannoneer and exceedingly daunted the common soldier." As Waller's battery was placed on the rising ground east of the castle—about where the upper terrace of the garden now stretches along—the breach still shown near the top of the octagon tower, which forms part of the hall ruins, may well be the one made by this shot, which not only daunted the soldiers but affected the courage of Sir William Morton, who was in charge of the garrison:

Bounce! bounce! again go Waller's gun,
And Morton began to swear,
"I'd rather have lost ten thousand pounds
Than the head of my cannoneer."

He surrendered at discretion, and so lived, not "to fight another day," but to exchange the sword for the gown and become a judge of the King's Bench after the Restoration.

Waller's capture of Sudeley Castle sealed its fate. In 1649 the Council of State ordered it to be "slighted," and this destruction of it as a place of strength was accompanied by its desertion as a place of inhabitation. The estate passed to the descendants of the sixth Lord Chandos's second wife by another



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THE EASTERN RAISED TERRACE.

Probably the point where Waller's battery was placed.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Gloucestershire, as a whole, and especially its towns, had a strong Parliamentary bias, and at Cirencester the people "rose upon him, threatened his person and tore his carriage to pieces, so that it was not without difficulty that he escaped with his life." But he raised a troop of horse and a regiment of foot and joined the cavalier army. At the battle of Newbury in 1643 three horses were killed under him, but mounting a fourth he was foremost in breaking the Earl of Essex's cavalry. His impetuosity was criticised, but Charles exclaimed: "Let Chandos alone, his errors are safe." Safety, indeed, was a condition to which, with all his zeal for the Royal cause, he seems, soon after Newbury fight, to have turned his attention, and he declared to the Compounding Committee in 1646 that he "rendered himself to the late Earl of Essex, then Lord General of the Parliament's forces, on the 1st April, 1644," and claimed, on that account, to pay for his delinquency on the lowest scale. Even so, the great charges on the estates and his own heavy expenditure left him a poor man. He retired to his Middlesex estate and died in 1655. Meanwhile evil days had fallen on his castle. It was taken and retaken in the early days of the war. Colonel Massey's men had captured it and had wrecked the chapel and other buildings in January, 1643. The Royalists regained possession, and it was Charles's quarters during the siege of Gloucester in the September of that year. An ancient

husband. It became more and more of a ruin, the roof merely being kept on a portion of the north quadrangle for use as a farm. Thus George III. found it when he came over from Cheltenham in 1788, and was only saved from falling down one of the dilapidated newel stairways "by the timely though unceremonious interference of Mrs. Cox," who was the tenant at that time. Later on it was a public-house kept by one Attwood, who "pulled down a great deal, and sold oak beams and lead and other material which were freely used in the neighbourhood." From complete demolition it was saved in 1830 by Messrs. John and William Dent, who purchased the castle and the estate and with great respect for its ancient aspect and architecture repaired and rendered habitable the whole of the north quadrangle and restored the desecrated chapel. Of the great collection of valuable and historical pictures, furniture and other objects with which they filled the rooms at Sudeley nothing can be said here, since it is only with the exterior that the present article and illustrations are concerned. A word, however, must be said of the garden. One of the early examples of the renewed taste for formalism in the nineteenth century, it is also one of the best. The great raised terrace which surrounds it to east and south permits a broad outlook on to the picturesque Cotswold country on the one side and a more intimate view of the central part of the garden on the

other. The central part consists principally of a great parterre of walks, beds and grass plats with a central fountain. This is enclosed by tall and dignified yew hedges in pairs, forming narrow galleries with arched apertures. Beyond, again, to the north, on rather higher ground, rises the restored chapel, and beyond again is an extremely well-designed and well-planted

rose garden which even towards the end of last October was a wealth of fine blooms in excellent condition. From a neglected ruin, Sudeley has been once more raised, by the family of its present owner, to the position of a stately home. But it is also a very delightful one, rich in Nature and in Art, in history and in association.

T.

EARL FITZWILLIAM'S HUNTERS.

LORD FITZWILLIAM is Master of two packs of hounds and he hunts with them all. He used at one time to play polo, too, and had a turn at soldiering and hog-hunting in India. He has a liking for the sea, so that he may be regarded as an all-round sportsman who, perhaps, loves horse and hound better than the other sports. He has two packs of hounds, his own property, and in Frank Bartlett and S. Morgan he employs two huntsmen noted for skill in the field and judgment in the kennel. Naturally, he has to keep a very large stud of hunters, both for himself and Lady Fitzwilliam. She is the daughter of an M.F.H., the Earl of Zetland, who has kept hounds at Aske for many years. Two of Lord Fitzwilliam's countries, the Grove and the Wentworth, are situated in Yorkshire, and he has a large property in Ireland, so that he has, at all events, two horse-breeding territories from which to draw supplies. There is no county that is more thoroughly hunted than Yorkshire, and the demand for hunters there must be very considerable. Yet horse-breeding in Yorkshire has not increased lately. For one thing, though not extinct, the race of hard-riding young farmers of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, who made so many first-rate hunters out of the colts bred by their fathers, has sadly diminished. Hunter-breeding, as I have already said, does not pay, because the price of unmade hunters will not repay the cost of rearing them. A man must make the horse and ride him, and take some of his payment in pleasure and the chance of now and then selling an unusually good horse for a high price. I think, too, that wealthy buyers, men who mean to have the best horses, do not so often purchase their horses directly from farmers or breeders as they used to do. I do not, at all events in my own experience, often come across those incidents recorded in old hunting records of some keen follower, because he has seen a horse going well in a fast run, offering a big price for it then and there. Purchasers like Lord Alvanley, Lord Plymouth and Mr. Osbaldeston, who would have a horse if they fancied him, are



W. A. Rouch. DERRY: LADY FITZWILLIAM'S FAVOURITE.

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scarce, and the trade is chiefly in the hands of fashionable dealers who must, to cover expenses and bad debts, make large profits. The demand for cheap hunters is great; but then a cheap hunter—that is, a horse priced at from £40 to £60, and I know many hunting people who seldom give more—can never pay a breeder even his out-of-pocket expenses in rearing and breaking him, to say nothing of profit. It is clear then that Masters who keep large studs of high quality, like Lord Fitzwilliam, are those who maintain the horse supply. This rests more and more upon hunters, since the demand for every other kind of horse grows steadily less. The kind of horse we want for Yorkshire hunting is, however, exactly that which is most

useful to the country at large. The ploughs and woodlands and the levels, deep in wet weather, do not need pace so much as staying power. A horse need not gallop fast enough to win a steeplechase, but he must be able to go on for long distances and jump many fences, and now and then a big ditch, at a fair hunting pace. It is only now and then that he will be asked to go faster than this. Though, as we shall see, the hounds are as good as possible, yet they cannot, as a rule, travel faster than their noses and a fair scent allow them. Here and there there are some delightful bits of going in the Wentworth country—Leicestershire grass and fences—but the extent of this is small. Wentworth Woodhouse is but ten miles from Sheffield, and very soon after leaving the park horses and hounds have to pick their way through many an obstacle of rail, train and canal. Then it is that a fair turn of speed comes in useful, when we cannot ride straight to hounds and wish to get back to them as soon as may be. In both Lord Fitzwilliam's countries, the Grove and the Wentworth, as we have seen, staying power is among the first requisites. But if a horse is to stay well through a long day's hunting in a rough or deep country he must have



W. A. Rouch.

AIRLING.

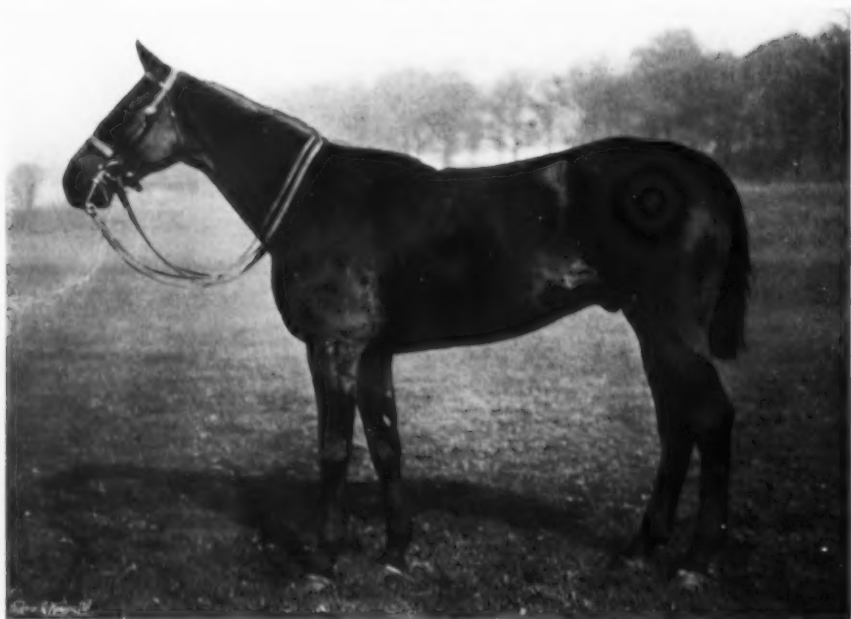
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THE OWL.

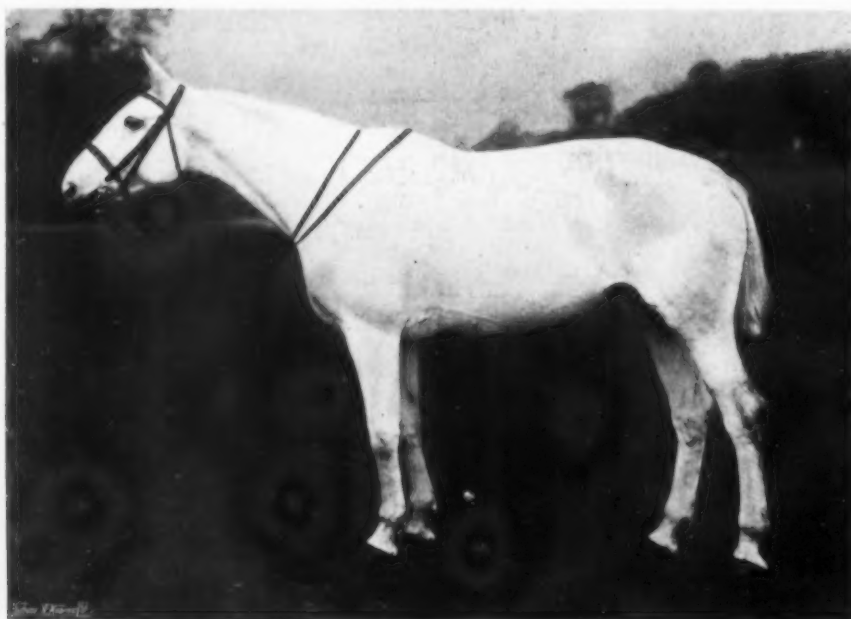
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ALIGAR

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GREY PIGEON.

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blood and shape. Horses may, and perhaps do, go in all shapes; but no man who had the power to choose would ride anything but a well-shaped horse in the hunting-field. It will be noted that, when we come to look closely at the series of portraits of the Wentworth horses that illustrate this article, we shall see that they all conform to a certain high standard of hunter make and shape, whatever minor differences there may be between them. Moreover, these horses are all full of quality. We will begin with Lady Fitzwilliam's favourite Derry. I do not know, but I am prepared to believe that this charming horse has pony blood somewhere. With the power necessary for his work he has the peculiar alert and intelligent look characteristic of pony blood, and, indeed, there is something about his whole cut which suggests the pony. Probably a due combination of thorough-bred and pony blood is the very best possible blend for a hunter, and I have never doubted that the active, hardy, peat-carrying ponies of Galway and Connemara have no small share in the cleverness and resource of the Irish hunter. Derry has rather notable jumping quarters and all the power behind the saddle which makes fences seem small and gives us a sense of flying as the good horse carries us from field to field. Then Derry has a beautiful temper, a quality which, whether in man or beast, is attractive. In a hunter for those who ride what they will and not what they must, a fine-tempered horse is indispensable; for since we go out hunting to see hounds at work and not to show off our horsemanship, a good-tempered horse is a great factor in our enjoyment. A horse like Derry, quick, clever, bold and untiring, is a treasure which may make even the most fortunate feel happier on hunting days.

Deep girth, short back and great propelling power mark Lady Fitzwilliam's other horse portrayed here. The Owl was probably so named from his wisdom, or was it because he is still going smoothly and well when the dusk of a long day creeps on? When we turn to Lord Fitzwilliam's own horses, we see at once one reason why Airling is so great a favourite with his master. He is not merely a horse of great scope and power, and probably very fast, but he must be a charming horse to ride. This will occur to any hunting-man who looks at him for a moment. Such a horse is invaluable to a rider who wishes to sit at ease and watch hounds at their work and to meditate on the merits and the fate of the members, young and old, of the pack. In the case of Aligar, it may be that the camera has caught the horse in a less favourable position; but he is a somewhat plainer animal than Airling. Yet we shall not fail to note the shoulder so beautifully laid, the long forearm and the reach and power of the hind-quarters. This horse is a hunter all over, even if not at quite the level of perfection of the last.

When Lord Fitzwilliam took the Grove Hounds after Lord Galway's resignation, he formed, with country he inherited from his grandfather, the late Earl Fitzwilliam, a practically continuous stretch of hunting territory some thirty-six miles in length. There are two packs kept and two huntsmen, Bartlett moving from Wentworth to Grove and Morgan coming to the kennels at the last-named place. Morgan, who had a long and useful career, brought with him many of the hounds and his old favourite, Grey Pigeon, the white horse so long known to the followers of Lord Galway's Hunt. Morgan has ridden this grand old horse for many seasons. There is scarcely a fence in the Grove country they have not got over together. This is a wonderful stamp of horse, showing very few signs of age except in his colour, and with legs we might be glad to see on some of our younger horses. The very sight of his picture will recall many memories of sport enjoyed during the years of his service with Morgan in Lord Galway's Hunt.

Passing to the other horses, we have in Irish Ivy one of a stamp of horse we always

welcome on this side of the Channel. Irish horses learn so much of a hunter's work in their own country that they soon pick up what there is to acquire over here. One thing they never forget, and that is that the horse that would avoid a fall must always have a leg to spare. I was considering what could be said of the other two, Ruin and Hilarity, which are certainly horses of a notable stamp and quality, when it occurred to me to look once more at the set of pictures, and it then struck me that a certain difficulty arose in describing this stud because they were all (with the exception of Airling and Grey Pigeon, both rather exceptional horses) of similar type. What could one say of one horse that was not true of another? All are of that type of true-shaped, well-bred hunter that everyone would wish to have, but of which to have a stableful takes money and judgment. The fact that Masters of Hounds like Lord Fitzwilliam require a large number of horses of this sort encourages breeders. Looking over studs like this has led me to collect and study the portraits of horses of a bygone day, and I am struck by the similarity of the type of the best of ours with those belonging to our grandfathers. I cannot see that hunters of the best class have greatly improved in the last fifty or sixty years, even allowing for the permissible flattering which artists like Herring, Ferneley and Barraud may have unconsciously indulged in.

X.

THE EPICURE IN SEARCH OF VEGETABLES.

THE wisest modern doctors tell us to eat good greenmeat more than we do; but where are we to get it? The late Sir Richard Owen used to tell me that man was a fruit and shoot eating animal by nature, though omnivorous as regards other things, especially when he had nothing else. As I write, there is an article in the *Lancet* on our indebtedness to the Vegetable Kingdom, so that we are fortified by scientific opinion as to their value as a food. The first thing to do is to have a general change of plan in gardens. People in towns must take what they can get; but country people grow too much the coarser vegetables, like cabbage and potatoes, in good garden ground when these can be grown anywhere, sometimes indeed, better, on the farm than in the garden. A certain proportion of the ground should be given to other things, which I hope to indicate as I go on. But the question for the present is what we can get now. Hard winters are those that test us most, and there should be more trials of green vegetables that endure a hard winter. A friend, writing from the Midlands to me, says: "In our garden we have not a bit of green stuff in the place; all are killed outright." I think it would be worth the while of our great seedsmen if, instead of endeavouring to surpass each other with the big bean or the big marrow, they would turn their attention to this very important subject of raising and experimenting with really hardy green vegetables.

Perhaps the best way to begin is to tell what we can get at present, even in these disastrous circumstances of hard weather. As regards green vegetables, those that come best in winter are the commoner kales often grown in cottage gardens. Among these, cottager's kale I find very hardy, and all these things are best from the sprouts. Most of them are very hardy, and could be made more so by a little thought. The purple sprouting broccoli is a hardy, fine thing, and perhaps the best of all broccoli. Asparagus kale, too, is good, and the Ragged Jack kale of the Scotch. We eat the side sprouts of these, which are so welcome in the spring, and, indeed, are often the only green things worth eating then.

A little more care in cultivation would lead to a hardier race, as in their case we are not growing for size as when we grow



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IRISH IVY.

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RUIN.

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HILARITY.

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the larger cabbages. The object should be to make it a hardier plant, and not plant it in rich or damp ground or in fresh manure to make it rank. There would be no harm either if one put them in firm ground. The late Richard Gilbert, at Burleigh, a good gardener, used to put his broccoli in with a crowbar. Also dry and airy ground should be chosen, and in this way the stems would not be so apt to perish in great cold. It is not the ordinary but the unusual winter that we have to prepare for. Apart from these green things, there ought to be other vegetables helping to make up for deficiencies, such as the celeriac or turnip-rooted celery, which is so much grown round German cities. In England there is a fallacious idea that it is a salad; but one might as well make a salad from shoe leather. It wants to be braised or stewed to get its true value as a vegetable, or used in soup. Every garden should have a good plot of it. It is easier to grow than the common celery and wants no blanching. Put in a moist part of the garden and kept well watered if convenient, it ought to be a standard vegetable as it is in France and Germany, and not be treated as a mere curiosity. It keeps well through the winter and is often imported to our markets, though it is better to grow fresh roots of it if one can.

An excellent vegetable has come in, mostly from abroad, for some years past, and that is chicory, known to the Belgians as witloof. It is simply one of the strong forms of our common chicory which one sees in beautiful bloom in chalky fields sometimes. This comes in considerable quantities from abroad, and ought to be grown at home, as it is a strong and readily grown vegetable, and easily blanched even in the shed and where there are no elaborate means for forcing it. Its bitter flavour is welcome among other vegetables, and it should be a regular crop in every garden. There is, happily, no difficulty about its cooking. One vegetable which our climate is very kind to is spinach; but it is ill-treated by the cooks, and so often overloaded with grease and spice that its flavour and good qualities are wholly destroyed. A French bishop, who was asked to dinner by a friend to test the quality of a new cook, said, when asked a question about the dinner: "I am waiting for the spinach." He was quite right; to serve it well is the test of a good cook. A common vegetable with us, and one I think very much under-valued, is the Jerusalem artichoke. It is not really an artichoke, but a tuberous sunflower, the topinambour of the French. It is despised because served with a sort of paste such as is used to paste on the placards with; but if braised and served in other ways it is a very good and wholesome vegetable. It should be well grown always. There are one or two varieties supposed to be a little better, which we doubt. It is a much more toothsome food than fried potatoes, and it makes the nicest chips we know of to go with game.

Brussels sprouts are very hardy, but in them the mania for improvement has destroyed a good thing. That commonly grown is a cross between a cabbage and a sprout. We should always seek to get the true kind, which is quite hardy and very small, and it should be cooked in the Brussels way. Like the sprouts above referred to, it should be planted in firm and not too moist or rich ground.

The seakale in use now is happily free from the troubles of the cook; but it might well be served in a little more variety. I like it *au gratin*. It is the fashion in England to look upon certain vegetables as salads, which really should be treated and eaten as vegetables. For example, there is the scarrolle of the French, which is an excellent vegetable braised and served round meat. I have actually seen people trying to eat it as a salad. A salad should be made of delicate things, and for this there is nothing equal to the different forms of lettuce. The forms of endive, Batavian and others, really want cooking, and the French do it very well, as anyone might do here. As regards salads, one much neglected with us is lamb's lettuce or mâche, a tender and nice salad, especially when there is a little crisp celery mixed with it. It should be grown rather close in clean little raised beds or frames, so as not to be bespattered by heavy rains.

All these I have mentioned are in use now, and also I find a good brand of sweet corn very useful. In the summer I grow this with success in a warm corner of the garden, and am now happy to have it in any form. Later on I will say a little more about this.

Asparagus has come into the shops, and very dear it is. Such a delicacy we who have gardens should make a little more effort to advance, planting the early kind in hot-beds, as has been done at Syon for many years past.

We have had a long season of cardoon this winter, mostly an imported vegetable. Not much is made of it in our country, though not difficult to grow in rich ground and as a plant very handsome. The main thing with it is right blanching in autumn and its preservation from cold and excessive wet. It deserves the care of the good gardener and good cook, and when these meet it makes an excellent winter vegetable, lasting a long season and into the spring.

W. ROBINSON.

THE STAR-FLOWERED MAGNOLIA.

QUITE one of the prettiest, if one of the smallest, flowered Magnolias that we have is known to botanists under the name of *M. stellata*, this name being derived from the shape of the flowers, which is roughly that of a star, the petals being pointed. It forms a rather dense shrub about 6 ft. high, and should be used for massing in beds. The flowers open rather early in the spring, and consequently are apt to be injured by late frosts; but this disaster can easily be avoided by placing light canvas over the shrubs when a frost is likely to occur, leaving this on until the sun is well up the next morning. The flowers are pure glistening white, and make up in profusion what they lack in size. In preparing the soil for this or any Magnolia some rough peat and leaf-mould should be incorporated, and September, March and April are the best months in which to plant.

A NEW MOUNTAIN CLEMATIS.

Those who love the rather small, white-flowered Mountain Clematis (*C. montana*) will be pleased to hear of a comparatively new form of it, which has ruby-coloured flowers, and is known to the botanist as *C. montana rubens*. It is one of the many excellent hardy shrubs which have been introduced to this country during recent years from China, and forms a companion to its white-flowered prototype, of which it is an exact counterpart except in the colour and size of the flowers, these being rather larger than those of the type. Both flower in spring, and the proper method of pruning is to cut out the oldest shoots after the flowers have faded. Like others of the family, these Mountain Clematises delight in soil which contains a good amount of lime.

F. W. H.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A DELICATE task is his who would review *The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh* (The Bodley Head). In publishing these Mr. Alexander Carlyle is deliberately acting in opposition to the last wishes of Carlyle. How far is he justified in doing so? Love letters are in their nature private. In reading those of other people, one has a feeling of shame such as might arise from yielding to the desire of gratifying curiosity by invading a sacred chamber in the owner's absence. And it may be said at once that the tale they unfold is not such a revelation of undying passion as has immortalised the names of Heloise and Abelard, of Dante and Beatrice, of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, of Lancelot and Guinevere. Carlyle's fame is that of a philosopher and man of letters, and his courtship and marriage are only of subsidiary interest in his career. We know from his character that he must have been steadfast and loyal to the woman of his choice; but in that he did not differ from thousands of honourable citizens. Jane Welsh was a beautiful Scottish maiden, but hers was not "the face that launched a thousand ships." She was witty and clever and tender, but one would scarcely call her a Juliet or a Rosalind. At a first glance, then, these volumes would appear to be only a flagrant example of "body-snatching," an attempt to make copy out of the faded letters of the dead. Mr. Alexander Carlyle has endeavoured to meet this charge in a preface. He justifies himself by asserting that Froude selected extracts and drew up a narrative that "have never seemed to impartial readers to give a true conception of the correspondence or of the relations which subsisted between Carlyle and Miss

Welsh." Froude held that Miss Welsh was primarily in love with Edward Irving, and was attached to Carlyle chiefly by ambition and kindredship of literary tastes. The editor does not mention this in his preface, but fights against the theory in his notes. If "light without heat" be brought to the discussion, it will be admitted that the acceptance of Froude's view casts no slight upon the honour of any of the parties mentioned. Many of us came for the first time to know Thomas Carlyle as a human being, compounded as are we all of strength and weakness, through his famous biography, and we do not, to the slightest degree, share the editor's opinion that the reputation of Carlyle has suffered through its publication. But in any case this presentation of the story is not complete. There are in existence letters that passed between Edward Irving and Jane Welsh, and until they are published the materials for forming an opinion are not complete. And Mr. Alexander Carlyle is driven to sore straits in order to make good his point. Jane Welsh, when she said, "There would have been no Tongues if Irving had married me," plainly indicated that there had been a time when such a union was possible. She was a young lady of decided opinions and the clearest speech, and her early letters, written when she was most familiar with Carlyle, leave no room for doubt as to her attitude. In Carlyle's first letter, a document covering three printed pages, he talks familiarly of "Jane" after a four days' acquaintance—"if I should come to visit Jane herself *professedly*, what would Jane say to it?" But her only answer in returning the books sent with it was "To Mr. Carsile with Miss Welsh's compliments and very best thanks." She continued to misspell his name till

he protested: "I am sure I would not so misname aught belonging to you, not even your lap-dog Shandy." Certainly she was not in love with him in those days, as her words cut like a dagger through his weak places, while the most distant slight to Irving makes her fire up like a volcano. Carlyle had written in these indifferent terms about one of the kindest offers ever made him:

Irving is speaking about a kind of Tutorship in some great family; and if I accept it, my excursions must be greatly circumscribed. The people offer £250 a-year, the chance of travelling, a number of hours per day to myself, and many other advantages, which ought perhaps to induce me.

Mr. Alexander Carlyle, in a note to the letter that follows, makes the extraordinary remark that

Had not Carlyle been deeply in love with Miss Welsh, and been endowed moreover with a large share of magnanimity, he would have been repelled by her *raillery*. [The italics are ours.]

Now let us give one or two examples of what he means by "raillery." This is her comment upon the proposed Buller tutorship:

You pass very hurriedly from the most important topic in your Letter, judging from the little you say of this Tutorship. I think your friends, if they had set about making a situation for you, could not have contrived one more desirable. "If you accept it?" I have no right to interfere in your private arrangements, but surely this "If" is a very ungrateful word.

About their relationship, she says in her downright way:

Now Sir, once for all, I beg you to understand that I dislike as much as my Mother disapproves your somewhat too ardent expressions of Friendship towards me; and that if you cannot write to me as to a man who feels a deep interest in your welfare, who admires your talents, respects your virtues, and for the sake of these had often—perhaps too often overlooked your faults—; if you cannot write to me as if—as if you were married, you need never waste ink or paper on me more.

Mr. Alexander Carlyle must have a meaning of his own for the word "raillery." Here is another specimen of it. Carlyle had proposed a visit to Haddington:

You propose coming here. As I do not presume to forbid this house to any one whom my "excellent Mother" invites, the matter, I grieve to say, rests with yourself. As you neither study my inclinations nor consider my comfort, it is in vain to say how much I am averse to your intended visit, and to how many impertinent conjectures it will at present subject me in this tattling ill-natured place. I leave it then to yourself to accomplish it or not, as you please,—with the warning that if you come you will repent it.

It was peasant-like and selfish of Carlyle to pay the visit after so plain a warning, but he went and, naturally, received no cordial welcome. Mrs. Welsh was "formal and frigid," her daughter "cold, unfriendly, and quite unlike her former self." The editor talks no longer of raillery, but at the end of a long note says:

Carlyle did not go again to Haddington for more than a year, and then only on the pressing invitation of both Mrs. Welsh and her Daughter; and but for the accidental intervention of Edward Irving, who sent a Letter to Carlyle's care, with the request that he would forward it to Miss Welsh, this Correspondence would in all probability have come to an untimely end.

Carlyle's visit to Haddington took place early in February, 1822. In the very same year, and probably only a few weeks after this, Edward Irving wrote to Miss Welsh the letter which Froude quoted and Mr. Alexander Carlyle gives in full. It has characteristics of tenderness, pathos and resignation for which in Carlyle's own letters there is no parallel:

My well-beloved friend and pupil—When I think of you my mind is overspread with the most affectionate and tender regard which I neither know how to name nor how to describe. One thing I know, it would long ago have taken the form of the most devoted attachment but for one intervening circumstance, and have showed itself and pleaded itself before your heart by a thousand actions from which I now restrain myself. Heaven grant me its grace to restrain myself, and forgetting my own enjoyment, may I be enabled to combine unto your single self all that duty and plighted faith leave at my disposal. When I am in your company my whole soul would rush to serve you, and my tongue trembles to speak my heart's fulness—but I am enabled to forbear, and have to find other avenues than the natural ones for the overflowing of an affection which would hardly have been able to confine itself within the avenues of Nature if they had all been opened.

What more is wanted? There were three people interested at first hand, and all give the same evidence. Carlyle in his *Reminiscences* tells us that there had been on Irving's part at Kirkcaldy "some movement of negotiation" for "release" from his engagement with Isabella Martin. In the letter from which we have quoted, Irving's reference to the "one intervening circumstance" applies to his engagement to Isabella Martin. Many expressions of Mrs. Carlyle have been quoted to show that she recognised this to be the true state of affairs. Mr. Alexander Carlyle's arguments avail little against these facts. Edward Irving was perhaps the greatest enthusiast that ever illustrated the *perfidium ingenium Solorum*. He was also of unblemished integrity. That in spite of himself he fell in love with his beautiful ex-pupil when time changed her from merely a beautiful girl into a beautiful woman appears to be true and might have happened to any man. It was also in keeping with the strictest code of honour that he should have made a legitimate attempt to

break his engagement with Miss Martin when he came to understand what were his true feelings, and it was equally inevitable that he should fulfil his engagement if it were insisted upon. When once the choice was made, he flung himself heart and soul into the religious movement he had initiated, and forgot the world in his concern about Tongues, Apostles and the other machinery of the sect he had called into being. Nor was he one to marry Miss Martin and not fulfil his duties to her in the spirit as well as the word. The case was similar with Jane Welsh. She put Irving out of her mind and turned to Carlyle as to a steadfast rock that remained after the rest of the land had slipped away. For the rest we are all too mournfully aware of the effect produced by "Time's effacing finger" on the fondest attachment. Irving went on his own extravagant way, devoting his fine intellect and finer heart to his church and his fireside, knowing the only thing was to forget. Jane Welsh, too, was soon engulfed in new cares that drove out the old, and she devoted herself with rare loyalty to the man of her final choice. So the book proves nothing. Mr. Alexander Carlyle has set aside the commands of his great kinsman without achieving any result that justifies his disobedience. What he has done is only to point the cynical aphorism of Lord Beaconsfield, "Never write a letter and never burn one."

TOBY, M.P.

Sixty Years in the Wilderness, by H. W. Lucy. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

IT is a lesson in journalism merely to look at the face of Mr. Lucy as it was painted by Sargent. The combination of alertness and composure tells the story of the energetic little man who to this day is as brisk as many a one who is forty years younger. He does not at all look as though he were born in Gloucestershire in 1844 or 1845—he is not sure which; but in spite of his hard life he retains his health and vigour to the end. Yet he has had, as the Americans say, to fight all the way. He began work in August, 1856, at a weekly wage of 3s. 6d., and in a very short time was dismissed because he could not get himself into the habit of arriving punctually at nine o'clock in the morning. His next engagement was with a hide merchant, and there, again, unpunctuality proved to be his bane, and in the course of a few years we find him turning his attention to literature, or, rather, journalism. His first publication to be printed was a poem in the *Liverpool Mercury*, and his first engagement on the Press was on the *Shrewsbury Daily Chronicle*. Of course, where we think of Mr. Lucy primarily is in the pages of *Punch*, where "The Diary of Toby, M.P.," for many a year was a very welcome feature. He has written much and in many papers besides in the comic weekly, and in Parliament he was successful in securing the friendship of many of the most influential statesmen of the time. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Asquith, in whatever else they might differ, agreed to cultivate the acquaintance of "Toby." Moreover, more than one politician has confided to him the State secrets of the time.

THE FINANCE OF THE WOODLAND.

The Practice of Forestry; Concerning also the Financial Aspect of Afforestation, by P. T. Maw. (W. and W. Brockenhurst.)

THIS work is both a good text-book and a good reference book upon the subject, treating fully of all the practice of forestry. The scientific analysis of Schlich's "Manual of Sylviculture" and the good English art of Forbes's "Estate Forestry" are equally in evidence here, and, moreover, much original teaching. The terse, didactic style is owing to the writer having been a professor of his subject, and through every stage, from planting to felling, he gives clear tables whereby the forester can seek a standard wherewith to compare the experience gained from any wood of his own. Where this volume seems to make its mark chiefly is in the delineation of the financial aspect of forestry; to most readers even of works on forestry it will seem the first clear intimation of the returns to be expected, a table of rentals yielded by fourteen different crops in High Forest being given. The result is not tempting to the ordinary investor, with the exception only of those from Douglas fir and larch. As to "afforestation of waste lands," one reads in leaded type, "it must, if the present prices remain unaltered, result in a colossal failure," and the arguments *pro* and *con* are set forth categorically. Instruction is frequent in these chapters upon what to avoid as well as what to do. One notes that the tulip tree and American ash receive too favourable notice in such a practical work; that the Oriental plane is said to be little grown in this country compared with the Western plane; that a price for railway charge which equals the value of the timber in a 100-mile journey is considered "fair"; but these are trivial errors in opposition to the mass of clear teaching expressed in this text-book.

A.

THE NARROW WAY.

The Pilgrim's March, by H. H. Bashford. (Melrose.)

MR. BASHFORD, who is known to our readers as one of the most skilful of our minor poets, has chosen for the main theme of his novel the journey which an artist makes from obscurity to the top of his fame. He has tried to present the work-a-day life and incidents which develop whatever talent there may be in a man. His hero is no saint, though at one period of his life he tries hard to be one. He begins in obscurity—not in abject poverty, it is true, but in those circumstances where it is just possible and no more to provide a boy with a moderately-good education. He is placed in a City office, and friends and relatives who are the saintliest of people induce him to become one of them; that is, to preach in the public streets and lead the "converted" life. He has latent, however, a gift of sculpture, and what is made to dawn upon him through a series of cunningly-contrived incidents, is that the way of true art is also a narrow one, demanding self-sacrifice and devotion from those

who would follow it. Very wittily a character remarks that there are many mansions, and probably as many narrow ways leading to them, and this is what Mr. Bashford has tried to show in his quiet but living book. It cannot be unreservedly praised from the artistic standpoint, because of its feeble beginning and of a tendency on the part of the author to present his story in what one might call four-ply pieces of plot, so that it is not easy to keep all the threads in the mind at the same time. Had the narrative been simpler, Mr. Bashford would probably have won in this book a noteworthy success.

THE ROMANTIC SPIRIT.

Dromina, by John Ayscough. (Arrowsmith.)

MUCH of the charm of this book comes from the complete sincerity with which it is written. Evidently Mr. Ayscough has an intense and real devotion to the old loyalties with which the story deals, to those ideas of religion, of personal conduct, of personal honour which are faded and become but a memory in these utilitarian days. And perhaps the memory will soon fade too, for even Oxford, which used to be considered the home of lost causes, has got its Rhodes Scholars, its school of Natural Science and its aspirations towards "utility." For those readers, however, who still retain an affection for what it is modern to despise as "romantic nonsense" the coloured and glowing pages of this book will be pure delight. Into them the author has stuffed enough material for a dozen romances. Do we think King Henry IX., the last of the Stewarts, the most picturesque figure of the early nineteenth century? Here he is driving from Frascati to Rome in shabby splendour and raising a friend to the peerage. Is our imagination captivated by the mystery which surrounds the fate of the child who should have been Louis XVII.? The whole strange story of that unhappy Prince's life is imagined for us in these pages. Do we consider the West of Ireland a sad, fascinating and mysterious tract, and are we sensitive to the glamour of Catholicism? The Castle of *Dromina*, where lives a landless Irish king, is situated in the remotest part of Ireland, and all the characters in the book are Catholics. Whatever may be the reader's particular taste in things "romantic," he will be sure to find what he wants in these pages. Mr. Ayscough writes as one for whom the old order has never really passed away, as one quite uninfluenced, and indeed incapable of being influenced, by the modern spirit. This is what makes the story so real.

THE INGENUE.

Teresa, by Edith Ayrton Zangwill. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

IT is often asserted that the "young person," the tender bloom of whose innocence the parents of an older generation were so careful to preserve, no longer exists in these days. Mrs. Zangwill, however, does not hold to this view, for the heroine of her new story is surely the most ingenuous *ingenue* that ever breathed. Teresa has been brought up with such strictness by her mother, that her marriage with Dr. Maynard, a good-natured, rather worldly man, has little chance of being a success. The horror and disillusionment of the first days of her married life are very skillfully described, and under the circumstances very natural, for Teresa is in no way fit for marriage. Her husband carries her off almost immediately to New York, where she finds herself in a world of which she has no knowledge, and with which she has little sympathy. Her charming nature and sound instinct, however, carry her through her troubles, and in the important scene with Clare Worthing at the end of the book it is her innocence and "goodness" which enable her to triumph. Her subsequent reconciliation with Dr. Maynard comes about naturally, for her troubles teach her wisdom and tolerance, and the sweetness of her nature keeps him in order. The book is an interesting study of the effect on a girl's life of a certain kind of up-bringing, and Teresa herself is a very successful and cleverly handled character.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

The Secret River, by R. Macaulay. (Murray.)
The Three Brothers, by Eden Phillpotts. (Hutchinson.)
Gentlemen Errant, by Mrs. Henry Cust. (Murray.)
William Blake, by Basil de Selincourt. (Duckworth.)
A Holiday in Connemara, by Stephen Gwynn. (Methuen.)
Little Devil Doubt, by Oliver Onions. (Murray.)

["NOVELS OF THE WEEK" ARE REVIEWED ON PAGE LVIII.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL.

AT a time when distinguished amateurs and professionals are writing their explanations of the professional's superiority, it is encouraging to the poor down-trodden amateur to see that his representatives can still occasionally win a game. On Saturday last there was a very interesting match at North Berwick between the paid and the unpaid, and although Captain Hutchinson was rather badly beaten, Mr. Laidlay won his game by 4 and 2 and Mr. Maxwell beat the still redoubtable Ben Sayers by 2 and 1. The fact really is, that the very marked superiority of the professionals is confined to the top of the tree; the Braids and the Vardons are a great deal better, no doubt, but so also are they a great deal better than most of their professional brethren. When we get to the second class of professional players (we use the expression first class to denote a very select few), the amateurs, poor things, really have quite a respectable chance. A very gratifying feature of this North Berwick match is the good form of Mr. Maxwell; we have for some time heard rumours that he was playing his best game again, and here seems to be some very definite evidence to that effect. For the last year or two he has not played as he did of old, though it would be hard to lay a finger on the weak spot; his swing seemed to have lost the intangible something of rhythm and smoothness which used to conceal his tremendously hard hitting. Now, however, that he has got it all back, he should be one of the first favourites at Muirfield, where he always appeared to be just a little bit more formidable than anywhere else.

LAW AND THE LAND.

THE land legislation of last year included two important consolidation Acts, one on small holdings and one on agricultural holdings. As to this last, Mr. Stanton has written a practical treatise in a way to be understood by landlord and tenant—"A Practical Guide to the Law of Agricultural Holdings," by J. W. Stanton, Solicitor, Chepstow (London: *Law Times* Office, 1909.) That there was need for such a book will be admitted, and any attempt to put a complicated subject plainly before those interested in it is to be welcomed. The Act is, or purports to be, pure consolidation, so that the decisions on the old Acts are applicable to this. The most important of them are given in the notes. One point of interest is stated in the note to Section 10, that for the purpose of that section—injury to crops by game—deer have for the first time in English Law been included in the definition of game. In Ireland there was a special close time for them. An Excise licence in England was required to kill them, and there was special legislation as to killing them, or stealing them, but this Act, in order to give an occupier a right of compensation for damage to his crops against his landlord, but for that only, extends the definition of game to include deer, but the Act gives no protection to the deer. Mr. Stanton gives a form of agreement for a farm. We quite agree with him that it is more important now to have an agreement in writing than ever it was, and we also think that it is most important to have an agreement which provides for all the points that may arise. We must confess that we have not yet seen an agreement which is quite adapted to the new order of things. The old order has passed away and the old form of agreement has, or rather ought to have, gone with it; but lawyers are the slaves of precedent, and instead of starting afresh they have tried to adapt old agreements to the new law in place of discarding the old forms. Mr. Stanton has, we think, not been able to free himself from this fault, and hence his form of agreement is longer than we like; but it is a great improvement on many of the old forms, and can in most cases be adopted with advantage. On the whole we can recommend Mr. Stanton's book to those who want to get some notion as to how the law of landlord and tenant now stands and what are the duties and liabilities of the parties. For the complex questions that arise on the construction of the Act and on points of practice recourse must be had to more technical works.

A case tried before Mr. Justice Jelf at the late Birmingham Assizes is of interest to those readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* who have any idea of a trip on the Avon from Stratford to Tewkesbury. The Avon was made navigable in the reign of Charles I. In the reign of George II. an Act of Parliament authorised tolls to be taken from those who navigated it, and the owners of the navigation, out of those tolls, were to keep the locks and weirs in repair. Up to about 1855 this was done. Then the Great Western Railway made a line alongside the river and the traffic fell off. In 1875 the river was abandoned, and no repairs to any of the weirs or locks have since been done. The result is that some of them are washed away, either wholly or partly, among others the weir at Luddington, the first weir below Stratford. The Corporation of Stratford were desirous of restoring this weir, not for navigation purposes, but to provide water for some bathing-sheds they had erected between it and Stratford. A mill-owner contended that the Corporation had no right to do this, as it would raise the level of the water at his mill. Mr. Justice Jelf decided in favour of this view, and held, first, that the only person who could restore the weir was the representative of those persons who were authorised by the Act of Parliament to take toll and keep the navigation in repair; and, secondly, that the restoration must be of the whole navigation, not of one weir only. We very much regret the legal result of this case. The Avon is a river of great natural beauty, and might easily become the Thames of the Midlands. This decision seems to foreshadow that one of the few English rivers that are available for the boating public will be closed because the trustees of the navigation have failed in their duty. Are not some of the public bodies in the Midlands sufficiently interested to maintain this navigation for their own and the public benefit?

J. W. WILLIS BUND.

BIARRITZ *versus* PAU.

It is rather remarkable what a deal of interest attaches to the annual foursome match between Pau and Biarritz. The match was instituted by poor Lord Kilmaine, who died comparatively young, and in his lifetime followed its fortunes with a keen zest, so that the interest has a touch of pathos in it now. The keenness in this match between these two clubs, which stand out from all the rest by their age and importance in that part of France, has always been of a very friendly kind, and it is this friendliness about it all, rather than the actual merit of the performers or of the courses—though these, too, do not leave anything to desire—that has counted in making this match what it is. Pau has a golf club of very venerable age, as such institutions go. Biarritz is relatively of mushroom growth, but of growth so vigorous that for one golfer at Pau there must be at least twenty at Biarritz each year. Yet Pau always manages to put up a good pair. There is Mr. Charles Hatchings, ever faithful, and this year they had a new man—to that match—in Mr. Cairnes, the Irishman. This was a good pair, of course; but the other side had big artillery in Mr. Angus Hambro and Mr. Douglas Currie. Both these have been in very good form at Biarritz this year.

BIARRITZ WINS IN A STORM.

To those who are condemned to stay at home there is always a base Rochefoucauldian satisfaction in reading of vile weather endured by those who are in the so-called "sunny South," and much of this sentiment may be extracted from the accounts of this Pau and Biarritz match. The storm was

so severe at Biarritz on the first day that they played a single round only, and left the latter eighteen holes over for the next day, which was not a great deal better; and at Pau, reputed the home of the perpetual halcyon and of the calm in which Mr. Wilbur Wright likes to operate, the wind again raged furiously. All this outrageousness of the elements was much in favour of the stronger, younger pair; that is to say, of Biarritz. It is seldom that the course of a match goes so evenly forward as did this. The Biarritz couple gained steadily from the start, and finally won by eight holes.

ONE-ARMED GOLFERS.

The wind is trying enough for the golfer who is furnished with the normal number of arms; it is difficult to imagine how hard it must make the control of the ball for a man who has one arm only to play with. It was on the same day as that of the foursome match at Pau that the one-armed players, Mr. J. Scott of Silloth and J. Haskins of Hoylake, met in the first half of their home-and-home match on the Carlisle and Silloth course. The wind is described as being very strong indeed, and in the circumstances it seems marvellous that Mr. Scott should have been round in 84. His opponent took 92, and finished five holes to the bad. But at the moment of writing it is not yet all over. There remains the Hoylake encounter. But five holes in eighteen seems a big balance even for a one-armed man to knock off.

"THE SOCIETY" TOUR.

The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society (they have a way of proudly talking of themselves as merely "The Society," perhaps because they were the first of their kind) have got a fairly good side for their Easter tour to the hospitable golf clubs of Lancashire and Cheshire; but it is doubtful whether the side is quite good enough to be successful at Hoylake. On the last occasion the match against the Royal Liverpool was halved, mainly owing to the introduction of foursomes in the afternoon, which enabled the visitors to pick up a much-needed point or two. The Royal Liverpool Golf Club are abominably difficult to beat on their own course, or, for the matter of that, on anybody else's; especially are they practically invincible towards the top of the list, and the leading society players enter on their round like sheep going to the slaughter. There was one great and glorious occasion—it was in 1905—when Messrs. Graham, Hilton, Hutchings and Dick were all defeated, and the great Mr. Ball himself only squeezed home by a narrow margin; those who led the society strutted about as proud as peacocks; but, alas! they reckoned without the Hoylake tail, and suffered a reverse in the quarter where they had least expected it. By this match, which is the *pièce de résistance*, the society will have to fight very hard against St. Anne's, Formby and Wallasey, and such of the team as chance to be barristers have also got to try and revenge themselves at St. Anne's for their defeat by the Irish Bar at Dollymount last year. Mr. Beveridge's absence will leave a sad gap in the legal ranks, and Mr. Weaver cannot play either, so that the beautiful cup which Mr. Justice Barton gave to be held by the winners of this annual match may very likely go back to Dublin for another year. Altogether it will be a strenuous week's golf, but those who are going to take part look forward to it as one of the pleasantest of the whole golfing year.

MATCHES SERIOUS AND OTHERWISE.

There were no particular surprises in the third round of the London foursomes as regards ultimate results, but in one or two cases the margins of victory were unexpectedly large. No one, for instance, would have expected Northwood to beat Beckenham by as much as 8 and 7, although it is clear that Major Williams and Mr. Hoffmann are a very good pair and will take a lot of beating. Two sides fared worse than Beckenham and lost by double figures, which is always an unpleasant thing to do. The victors in one case were Ashford Manor, who are certainly fortunate in being able to keep an ex-champion in reserve, so that when Mr. Beveridge cannot play, Mr. Hilton can. This seems an almost unfair distribution of wealth. While these foursome players were seriously ploughing their way round, a match, probably conceived in a spirit of more judicious levity, was being played at Bramshot between Wethbobs and Drybobs. The Drybobs won, as indeed we fancy they always would with representative teams, and the larger the sides the greater would be the advantage of the cricketers. The men of the river would have a very fine leader if they could induce Mr. Maxwell, who was nearly in the eight at Eton, to forsake his Northern fastnesses in order to play for them, and Mr. A. R. Paterson and Mr. M. W. Mossop are other oarsmen whose names come to mind; but what are these against so many? The cricketers can pour a perfect avalanche of scratch players into the field.

THE LATE FATHER ANGUS.

I have heard it said at St. Andrews that if all the members of the Royal and Ancient Club were to resign and to seek re-election only one man would be successful in passing the ordeal by ballot—Father Angus. He did not look as old a man as he was at the time of his recent death, for he was very active and hearty, although close on the appointed limit of three-score and ten. He had served for many years on the Committee of Management of the Royal and Ancient Club and was its chairman when he died. Yet he was not a golfer—to which a cynic might attribute his particular popularity in a golf club. But probably none of us will ever know how much we owe to Father Angus for the greater comfort in which we play golf at St. Andrews as a result of his immense influence over the caddies, who were of his Roman Catholic flock, and all who came in touch with him. There was an absolute simplicity about him which made everyone supremely confident of his perfect goodness and sincerity. His loss is a very heavy one.

INTERESTING GOLF IN PROSPECT.

The golf of the immediate future is very interesting, starting with the Braid and Taylor v. Duncan and Mayo foursome. Then come championships, the tour in the Liverpool district of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society above alluded to and many fixtures of various sorts. It seems to me that they have a good programme for the opening of the Leamington and County Club's course, for there will be Braid, Vardon, Duncan and Robson. The clash of the old school and the new is what we want to see, and is what makes the foursome at Walton Heath and Burhill so interesting.

SCORING IN TEAM MATCHES.

By A CORRESPONDENT.

I HAVE no doubt it has occurred to you, as it has to most golfers, that of all games played by clubs golf is the most "individual" game and least lends itself to being played by teams. It seems to me that if the rules governing club matches were altered, this state of things might be greatly changed for the better. Playing for my club as I do, I have a certain amount of satisfaction in beating my opponent—a man as likely as not I have never seen before, and who may be a most unpleasant person to play with—but I never feel I am standing shoulder to shoulder with my club-mates as I do at cricket, football and hockey, and that they may be able to help me in my hour of need and I them. I think the mode of counting is the chief cause of this—it may work out correctly or it may not—and you can easily see how the result may not be in accordance with the strength of the sides.

Take two clubs—Sharps and Flats—eight men a side; result to be decided by matches. The two teams can go round the course in the same number of strokes, thus:

Sharps.		Flats.	
A	80	M	80
B	81	N	81
C	82	O	82
D	83	P	83
E	84	Q	84
F	85	R	85
G	86	S	86
H	87	T	87

If they play in their order of strength as above, the matches are all halved; but Sharps say they intend winning, so they put H at the top of their men and move all the others down one place. H, of course, gets a terrible hammering from M, but all the other seven win their matches, and Sharps beat Flats by seven games to one—quite a wrong result.

Now it seems to me that if all matches were played by holes, all eighteen holes being always played, all the team would take much more interest in one another's doings and play their matches out much more keenly to the last hole, each one feeling if he were winning that a weaker brother might need one or two of his spare holes; and even if he were losing he would still be much more keen to keep the beating as low as possible, and fight a losing battle to the bitter end.

At present one sees two clubs play a drawn match:

A (7 up and 6) beat Z	E ... lost to V (1 up)
B (4 " " 3) " V	F ... " " U (2 ")
C (6 " " 5) " X	G ... " " T (1 ")
D (5 " " 4) " W	H ... " " S (2 " and 1).

No one would say the two teams were equal, and yet the match was drawn.

DANGERS OF REFORM.

THE point raised by our correspondent is one at which we have often gone hammer and tongs, driver and niblicks, before, but we have never perhaps seen the case for counting by holes put quite so strongly and clearly. It is almost unanswerable as it stands, and as indicating the rating of the relative values of two teams. But if it is not to be directly answered, there is something to be said on the other side, too—a flank, instead of a frontal attack, can be made. If we count only by holes we put the total result very much at the mercy of one match, of one man who may happen to be very badly off his game, perhaps rather unwell, on the day of the match. A striking instance in point was afforded by the Inter-University match when it was played at Hoylake. The Oxford captain, if we remember right, was beaten by an enormous number of holes by his opponent (he was quite off his game), with the result that Oxford lost the match, according to the then mode of reckoning, although they won the greater number of the individual matches. There was a kind of grim poetical justice in this, because Oxford had long held out against the wish of Cambridge to reckon the score by matches. Its effect on the Dark Blue mind was so strong that it created an immediate change of sentiment, and Oxford at once fell into line with the Cambridge wishes and agreed that future reckonings should be by the matches, not by the holes. Cambridge expressed no desire that the operation of the reckoning should be retrospective, so this team match at Hoylake stands as a Cambridge victory.

SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR A COMPROMISE.

So here is a case of the pudding, of which the recipe is suggested by our correspondent, given a good trial and pronounced nasty. The Universities now cook it in "another way," as Mrs. Beeton says. We play the International matches by match score, not by hole score. It seems the mode which is finding more and more favour. We should like to see a modification in the direction of the suggestions of our correspondent. One point scored for the match and a quarter for a bye of three or more holes is not a bad form of compromise. One of the evil features of scoring only by the match is that if one or the other player wins the game many holes from home there is no interest left. You have either to walk home without play, or to play home without zeal in the result. Either is dull. That is a strong argument for scoring a quarter for a bye of three or more holes. Arithmetical justice can only be done (so Mr. J. R. Gairdner tells me, who has a Scottish and mathematical mind) by scoring as many points for the match as there are holes in it (i.e., thirty-six in case of a thirty-six-hole match), and one point for each of the holes by which it is won. But these are figures of such a magnitude that no Cambridge man will expect them to be comprehended by a mere Oxonian.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PLAGUE OF RATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if you could help me with your advice about rats. I am the tenant of a country house about 220 years old, the kitchen and basement of which, as well as some of the upstairs rooms, are infested with rats. I have tried every variety of remedy, having employed a rat-catcher, had the Ratin Laboratory people down two or three times and used their poison, as also the Danysz Virus. None of these alleged remedies appears to have any effect. The rats either do not touch the poison, or if they take it most certainly do not die. In these circumstances can you suggest to me any other steps that it might be desirable to take? Would you advise me to keep a mongoose, or is there any other poison from which better results may be anticipated?—C.

[This letter is dealt with in our Leader this week.—E.D.]

A CURIOUS ACCIDENT TO A FALLOW DEER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you two photographs of a curious accident which befell a fallow deer three weeks ago. They speak for themselves, except that the fencing round the pond was continuous, the near hurdle being removed for the purpose of photography.—M. BEDFORD, Woburn Abbey.



RINGING OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the articles in your issues of February 27th and March 13th on the subject of marked birds, it may be of interest to your readers to see the results attained up to date by the marking of woodcock at Barons Court, County Tyrone, Ireland.

No. of birds marked in each year.	No. of birds recovered.	When and where killed.
1905 ... 15 ... 3 ... 1		Dec. 20th, 1905. Barons Court.
		1 Dec. 3rd, 1906. Grampound Road, Cornwall.
		1 Dec. 6th, 1907. Barons Court.
1906 ... 68 ... 8 ... 1		Nov. 6th, 1906. Barons Court.
		1 Jan. 4th, 1907. Barons Court.
		1 Jan. 9th, 1907. Harrow.*
		1 Jan. 10th, 1907. Barons Court.
		1 Jan. 15th, 1907. Barons Court.
		1 Dec. 4th, 1907. Barons Court.
		1 Feb. 2nd, 1908. Barons Court.
		1 Oct. 22nd, 1908. Barons Court.
1907 ... 65 ... 4 ... 2		Dec. 31st, 1908. Barons Court.
		1 Jan. 9th, 1909. Barons Court.
		1 Feb. 12th, 1909. Barons Court.
1908 ... 63 ... 6 ... 1		Oct. 3rd, 1908. Aldourie, Inverness.
		1 Oct. 22nd, 1908. Barons Court.
		1 Nov. 4th, 1908. Barons Court.
		1 Dec. 3rd, 1908. Barons Court.
		1 Dec. 29th, 1908. Barons Court.
		1 Jan. 14th, 1909. Barons Court.

* This bird was reported in the local Press, but I could gain no authenticated account of it.

It will be seen what a very small proportion of the birds marked have been accounted for, and I should like to draw attention to the fact that of the sixty-five birds marked in 1907 only four have been accounted for, and the first of these not till December 31st last.—J. H.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With two exceptions, the birds I have marked have been starlings. I may say of the birds I marked I have heard of five only. One was shot on



CURIOUS ACCIDENT TO DEER IN WOBURN PARK.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TRAGEDY.

the beach here, one was caught in a net covering a fruit tree and three have been found dead. The birds marked in 1906 and 1907 had leaden-coloured rings on the left leg; those of 1908 had copper-coloured rings on the right leg, except one. All the rings were numbered. Sixteen of the birds marked in 1908 were young.

Dec., 1906 ...	58 birds.	April, 1908 ...	5 birds.
Jan., 1907 ...	28 "	May, " ...	25 "
Feb, " ...	36 "	June, " ...	23 "
March, " ...	9 "	" " ...	2 blackbirds.
June, " ...	4 "	July, " ...	4 starlings.

Since the last date I have not marked a single bird. I intend, however, all being well, to mark some young birds during the coming nesting season.—RICHARD TOMLINS ON, Musselburgh, Midlothian.

ROMSEY ABBEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It seems to me that the vital issue in the present instance is in danger of being obscured in the fury of personal recrimination. May I therefore, without prejudice, be permitted to formulate the test by which any addition about to be made to an ancient building ought to be judged: (1) Is it known that there was formerly a structure, since perished, on the same spot where the fresh structure is to be erected? If not, then, it seems to me, there can be no defence for the new work. It is an innovation, and must as such be strenuously opposed; but (2) if there was once a structure on the spot, is the new work, both in ground plan and elevation, a replica of the destroyed original? If not, it is equally to be opposed as an innovation. To my mind there is nothing inherently valuable in ruins *per se*. Therefore, much as I personally dislike new work, I cannot logically condemn reconstruction as fraudulent, always provided that the newly executed work bears a date, or that a tablet or other lasting record be provided close at hand, to bear witness to the date. If, however, the old has perished so utterly that reconstruction has become a matter of pure conjecture, it is best to leave the ruin alone as irremediable. No restoration is permissible, unless it be the undoing of past damage, by literal reconstruction of what existed previously to destruction. There are, of course, reasons, such as want of funds, which may reasonably prevent reconstruction from becoming complete for a time. But so far as it goes, it is bound to follow faithfully and literally on the lines of the old. There is no discredit in being compelled to suspend operations which another generation, having the way prepared, may carry out; but there is discredit in consciously and wilfully supplying an inadequate substitute for the old, and that not only on the ground that it is inadequate, but because its presence creates an obstruction and a barrier against really thorough reconstruction being undertaken in the future. As far as Romsey Abbey is concerned, it is more than twenty years since I was there; neither have I seen the architect's drawing and plan for the proposed porch. I have, therefore, laid down only the general principles which ought to determine every such case, leaving their application to those who have a more intimate knowledge than I of the individual circumstances.—AYMER VALLANCE

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being driven to heroic remedies by the strictures of "An Inhabitant of Romsey," Mr. Tipping has now propounded an interesting theory that "no section of the Abbey can be called pure and undiluted Early English," and that "perhaps the shortest way of stating the case fairly is to say that the further we move westward down the nave the more do we find Gothic

forms predominating over Romanesque forms, yet without ever completely overwhelming them." In this connection a short quotation from an article on Romsey Abbey by that well-known antiquary, the late Mr. E. P. Loftus Brock, may interest your readers. He writes (the italics are my own): "While parts of the side aisle walls were built the progress westward came to a stop, and, as the plan indicates, the whole of the western part of the nave and its aisles is of a totally different design. It is Early English work of admirable proportion and sturdy design, the west front being very effective. The semi-circular arches and rectangular detail give place abruptly to pointed arches, well moulded, and richer detail, of about 1190 or 1200." In view of this expression of opinion by an acknowledged authority, Mr. Tipping will perhaps be kind enough to explain more fully to his weaker brethren the steps by which the "absorbingly interesting transition" occurs. His attempts to controvert "An Inhabitant of Romsey" with regard to the corbel table, partly by casting all responsibility on the vicar and partly by saying that when he says old he only means "old in design," are not very convincing. Mr. Tipping takes himself very seriously, and evidently expects us to accord him our respectful attention. This being so, we have a right to demand that where he propounds a hitherto unaccepted theory, he shall give us some idea of his reasons for believing in it, as also that he shall not lay down as an axiom the doubtful statement, to say the least, that it is essential that a porch with any pretence to proper design, added to a distinctively Early English portion of a building which certainly contains much Norman work, should "complete the Norman character of the church." In conclusion, I should like to say a very few words with regard to your editorial note to my letter in your issue of March 20th. You state that my remark that inaccuracies occurred in what Mr. Tipping said about Winchester College Chapel is an assumption of my own. I have no desire to revert to the more controversial side of the question, so will content myself with remarking that until Mr. Tipping replies to my question as to his authority for saying that the panelling removed some time ago was designed by Wren, I shall continue to claim that my statement with regard to Mr. Tipping's inaccuracy depends on something more than my own assumption.—OLIM SCHOLARIS.

CASH VERSUS CREDIT IN THE VILLAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“A. H. P.’s” letter draws attention to a very serious and increasing evil in village life; the instance he gives seems one for sympathy and the unfortunate man a victim of unwise kindness to others; but for one such middle-headed philanthropist there are fifty proprietors of the village “shop” who are simply disguised money-lenders and aiders and abettors of untold harm. I know of cases where labourers’ families are allowed to run up bills of £50 upwards. Of course, there are cases where families of men out of work are tided over a time; but a few pounds should cover any legitimate debt of this kind. These large debts usually mean drink surreptitiously supplied without the obloquy of frequenting the village public-house, often to the wife, unknown to the husband. In one case I know of, a childless middle-aged couple in receipt of about 30s. a week are in debt to over £100 to the local “shop.” The husband was supposed to pay everything as his wife was an invalid; nothing had been paid for years, and the husband has been free to spend his good wages on betting and gambling. A man in my own employment left his wife to pay everything, gave her practically all his wages, and then woke up one fine day to find an account for nearly £100 for drink supplied to his wife, and, being a thoroughly good, honest man, he sold a bit of land and paid the bill. Of course, anyone unacquainted with village life would say: Does not the shopkeeper stand to lose, and is it not possible to escape these debts? Does it ever occur to people how many small owners of cottages and scraps of land there are? These have mostly been taken for debt, of course to the ruinous loss of the seller, and they are in the majority of cases held by village shopkeepers. It is a curious fact that in all the cases I have traced of exorbitant debt there has been a “bit of land” in the background. Anyway, the shopkeeper does not stand to lose much; his goods are usually sweepings of warehouses, charged at London West End prices. The sooner co-operative stores sweep him out of existence the better, and if, in the meanwhile, the local food inspector could harry him over the quality of the goods supplied, and the Legislature would abolish the recovery of debts over £10 from wage-earners, a gross blot on village life would be removed.—COUNTRY MOUSE.

ARCHER VERSUS GOLFER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the “Archer v. Golfer” contest mentioned by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, it is difficult to see what interest there can be in a match such as the one described. As a matter of fact, skill and accuracy at archery come into full play at short distances, i.e., all distances up to 120yds. Any strong man, if he has the proper tackle, can very soon learn to shoot an arrow to a great distance, but it takes many years to make an archer who can shoot with consistent accuracy over the regulation ranges of 100yds., 80yds., 60yds. and 50yds. The latter, using a target-bow of average strength, say, with a pull of from 45lb. to 50lb., capable of throwing an arrow 230yds. or 240yds., for the tee shot, if properly loosed, would invariably vanquish the best professional golfer who ever set foot on a green. This will become more evident when I say that with a few days’ practice an archer, such as I have described, will be able to shoot his arrow clean into the hole from a distance of 20ft. with almost unvarying certainty. If the tin is left in, the arrow simply punches a hole through it. Without having ever previously shot over a links, I undertook a match of this kind last autumn at West Drayton, contesting it against the best ball of two opponents. They completed the round in Bogey, and I finished in five strokes, or rather shots, less. I consider that I am justified in saying that this score could be considerably reduced, as, apart from it being a first experiment, I was not permitted to shoot at the well-defined holes on the greens because it was erroneously supposed that the arrow would damage the turf, but had to “hole-out” into a circle drawn on a sheet of foolscap, which was carried along and pegged down outside

each green. The fine line of the circle was not visible for most of the “holing-out” shots, and I had to shoot as well as I could judge at the centre of the paper, as there was no point on which to fix the eye. I may mention that I am far under the average strength, and could only use a very weak bow for the tee shots, which seldom exceeded 180yds., but they were always dead-straight. The only time when the archer is placed at a disadvantage is when the greens are dry and hard. In this case, as the arrow strikes the ground at a very acute angle and must be shot with considerable force, it will glance and travel, in all probability, 50yds. or 60yds., although it may have missed the lip of the hole by only an inch. Wind, which must have great effect upon the comparatively large surface of the golf ball, can be gauged with the utmost nicety by the archer. It is not correct to say that Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey’s shot of 367yds. at Le Touquet is a record. As I pointed out in a contemporary on September 21st, 1905, Mahmoud Effendi, secretary to the Turkish Legation in London, shot an arrow to the distance of 480yds. in the presence of several members of the Royal Toxophilite Society in the year 1793. The Turkish bow which he used is still in the possession of that society. The Statute quoted in another daily paper of March 21st should be the 33rd of Henry VIII., not the 23rd, and the shot made by Mr. Troward with the long bow at Moulsey Hurst in 1798 was 340yds. It is most improbable that the old English archers exceeded this distance, and it is noteworthy that this shot considerably exceeds the distance which Shakespeare considered worthy of remark. The composite Turkish bow, which is constructed on scientific lines and of the most appropriate materials, viz., horn and sinew applied to a wooden core, is infinitely superior to the long bow, if distance is the only object, but a style of shooting has to be adopted which is useless if accurate shooting is desired; that is to say, if the archer wishes to control the elevation as well as the direction. What is known as the “slashing” loose is the great secret of success in flight or distance shooting, and any tendency to that pause on the loose which is essential for accurate shooting is fatal when distance is the only desideratum.—C. POWNALL, Royal Toxophilite Society.

TURKEY REARING FOR PROFIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I suggest that the writer of the admirable article on “Pheasant-rearing” in your issue of February 27th be asked to give particulars in your columns on turkey-rearing on a large scale, saying whether he considers it would be a paying venture in this country?—UTILITY.

[We have a strong opinion that turkey-farming might be made a very profitable occupation, and we are surprised that it is not more extensively practised. Failure has not infrequently resulted from trying to raise stock on ground unsuited for the purpose; in this respect turkeys are much more liable to be affected than chickens, as the following illustration will serve to show: Two farmers occupying contiguous farms in the same parish reared turkeys from the same stock two years ago; the one was an entire success, the other a dismal failure. An old breeder whose advice was asked had no hesitation in putting down the failure entirely to the lie of the land, and we have every reason to think that his opinion was perfectly sound. A fairly dry soil with natural drainage and odd spots with comfortable aspects for rearing chicks until they have “shot the red” are the first essentials for turkeys. After they have passed this stage, turkeys are as hardy as, or perhaps harder than, the ordinary barnyard fowl. It would be very interesting to have the experiences and opinions of some of the breeders who are now engaged in rearing turkeys on a large scale in our Eastern Counties.—ED.]

INSECT-FEEDING BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Edward Lovett’s interesting letter on “Encouragement of Insect-feeding Birds,” in your last issue, he may be pleased to know that Messrs. Witherby and Co., 326, High Holborn, publish a booklet, price 1s. 6d.; by Martin Hiesemann on “How to Attract and Protect Wild Birds.” Several of my friends hang up outside their “den” windows cocoanuts and marrow bones filled with marrow fat, suet, or oatmeal and suet, and it is amusing to see the small tits ruling the roost and the number there are; speak of tramps telling one another of the good things at certain places, they are not in it! If there were more insect-feeding birds as well as kestrels and owls preserved there would be less vermin in the country. I trust I am not trespassing too much on your space for insertion.—J. LESLIE TAIT.

WOODCOCK IN EGYPT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest the shooting article on “Facts and Theories About Woodcock” in your issue of March 6th. The following information on woodcock in Egypt may interest some of your readers: For the past ten years I have noticed a few woodcock in certain favoured places in Egypt from December 15th to the early part of March. My attention was first called to an occasional bird flushed in cotton-fields and small patches of fruit trees while fox-hunting. During the period above-mentioned a small wood of acacia trees, about three acres in extent, at the Government Gardens, Delta Barrage, is good each year for half-a-dozen very fine and extremely well-coloured birds, a few of which I have skinned and set up for the inspection of sportsmen. One bird, I am told, visits annually the Zoological Gardens at Giza, near Cairo. A few are annually shot in the palm plantations at Marg, East of Cairo, and a right and left was obtained by an army officer near the Pyramids a few years ago. A few birds also frequent the Noujah Public Gardens at Alexandria. Woodcock appear to leave Egypt during the first hot days of March. They are much more common in Cyprus and some of the islands in the Mediterranean.—WALTER DRAPER.

THE RAVEN

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the article on the raven which appeared in your columns on March 6th last, I should like to say that throughout all the mountainous regions of Wales the bird still survives in scattered pairs. I



know of, and have visited, over thirty tenanted sites from time to time, in March, 1907, actually visiting thirteen nests in the course of a week, while I know the whereabouts of quite another thirty. And, of course, there are many eyries there which I know nothing of. And the same remark anent the raven being found in mountainous districts applies equally, with reservations, to many areas of the Green Isle and of Scotland, as well as in a minor degree to Dartmoor and the fells of the Lake District. Also, all round the Dorset, Devon and Cornwall coasts (where in a comparatively small mileage of cliff in the second-named county a friend of mine has just visited five tenanted nests and heard of two others), along the Welsh littoral, the Irish and Scotch sea-boards with their outlying islands, wherever cliffs exist, pairs of ravens still harbour at certain intervals. The raven, however, has ceased to breed on the chalk bastions of Kent and Sussex. The last nest at Beachy Head in the latter county was in 1894. But a pair or two still attempt to linger in the Isle of Wight, and probably on the precipices of the Yorkshire Coast. It is a universal custom of ravens to wage a guerilla warfare with any of the larger species of birds frequenting the same haunts as themselves. No bird of any size comes amiss to them as a foe; crows, hawks of all sorts, gulls and even the eagle, should they pass the sable fellow's eyrie, incur the deadly enmity of the raven, though it is very rare indeed for a fatality to ensue from the combats. The raven's "tumble" (frolic would be better) is peculiar. As the bird flaps along it suddenly turns a half-somersault from side to side, generally from left to right, closes its wings and actually drifts along on its back for a short distance, resembling when so behaving an aeroplane gone wrong. But the recovery or return to normal flight is effected with marvellous alacrity. Sometimes a complete somersault is executed without any intermediate halt or drifting. With regard to Mr. A. J. R. Roberts's interesting memorandum of a "Congress of Ravens," may I add that in some districts, in Scotland especially, this tendency to flock on the part of the "Birds of Odin" is very marked during autumn and winter when the assembly, coming in in small parties, retire for the night to some gorge or dingle. The Highland gathering he saw was probably preparing to make off to some such recognised retreat.—JOHN WALFOLLE-BOND.

BULLFINCH KILLING ITSELF AGAINST WINDOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I think the following occurrence may be of interest to your readers. I have a piping bullfinch, a cock, in a cage which usually stands on the window-sill of a ground-floor room. It was in this position a day or two ago when, on passing the window outside, I saw lying on the ground a dead hen bullfinch. It was quite warm and had evidently just been killed. The gardener shoots bullfinches occasionally, but he had not fired a shot that day. There was no mark on the bird except a contusion on its head, which was only visible when the skin was removed. There seems no reasonable doubt that the little bird met its death by dashing itself against the window-pane, and, again, no reasonable doubt that it did this in a too energetic courting of the handsome male within. It seems to be a great deal more interesting than if there had been a hen bird within and a cock bird trying to get at it—that is the normal wooing with birds and all animals. It is a little abnormal that the hen should thus fall a victim. It is a tragedy which has a moral—too obvious to be worth insisting on.—H. G. H.

CO-OPERATIVE SELLING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I have read with interest your article on "Co-operation Among Farmers." I am much interested in the question and in the subject of small holdings, and would like to say that, in

my opinion, the great necessity just now is for co-operative selling; and anyone who could take up that branch and develop farm vendor societies would contribute much to the success of small holders.—X. M. D.

SAITHE-FISHING IN SHETLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In Shetland the young saithe, called sillocks, are fished by means of a "pock." This is a net stretched on a framework of wire; it is held below the surface of the water, and when the shoal of fish is moving over it it is quickly lifted. The number caught at one lift depends on the thickness of the shoal and also the cleverness of the fisherman who attends the pock; any number from three to three hundred may be taken.—T. L. P.

DORMICE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I can, from sad experience, tell your correspondent what *not* to do if he keeps dormice. He should not put them in a cage which has a wheel for "exercise." These are horrible contrivances found in the cages sold for mice or squirrels. The animal gets in, the wheel flies round violently and the mouse gets terrified and exhausted. The aviary with a box for a nest which your correspondent suggests would be, I should think, very suitable if it can be kept perfectly safe from cats. Too much handling and disturbing are fatal to dormice. As a child I kept two, and, in ignorance, worried the poor little things to death. Their nature is, of course, to sleep a great deal, and, like all children, I never left them alone—with fatal effect! They are the most fascinating little creatures; but peace and seclusion, especially in winter, are necessary to keep them well. I think the food suggested by Miss Pitt is perfectly right.—M. M.

REPAIRING WOUNDS IN TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if any of your readers could inform me what is the best way of treating a valuable tree that has been damaged by having had an iron spike hammered into it about 1½ in. or 2 in. deep, for the purpose of straining and supporting wire-netting. Now that the iron is extracted, should the hole be filled up with clay or putty; and would it not be advisable in this case to tar it first? Perhaps some of your readers who are interested in afforestation might be able to suggest a better method. I have also some fine trees being spoilt by big holes being drilled in them by woodpeckers; would the same treatment apply to them?—F. B. L.

[The hole which has been made by the iron spike is apparently not a very large one, and we think it will suffice if treated as advised below: Pare out the hole with a sharp knife or chisel, thus removing any rough and dead wood and bark that may be present, so that live tissue is exposed; then coat the whole surface of the wound with Stockholm tar, or, if this is not easily procurable, ordinary coal tar will answer very well. Unless the tree is a very old one and declining in vigour, the wound will heal in the course of a year or two. If it is a very old one, the hole would be best filled in with cement, after paring it as advised, but instead of tarring, wash the wound before putting in the cement with a very weak solution of carbolic acid. The holes made by the woodpeckers may be treated in the same way as advised for an old tree, i.e., filled with cement; but, of course, if they are likely to be needed for timber in the future, this cement would be rather awkward for the saws.—ED.]

AN OLD CIDER MILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Herewith I send you a print of an old cider mill and its owner. It is a typical specimen of an object that is fast disappearing. The old man says that in the days when the stone cider mill was used the cider was always "first-rate."—FRANCIS PITT.

